

THE COOLEST CARS OF 2009

MAXIM

NOVEMBER 2008

HOT SLAM!

STACY KEIBLER

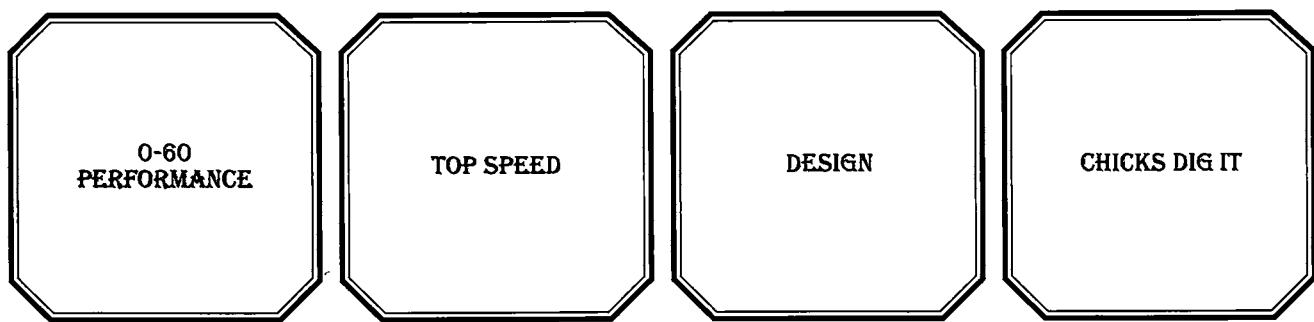
GETS HOLLYWOOD
IN A HEADLOCK

MAXIM
ELECTION
SPECIAL!

- Last-Minute Candidate Guide
- Oliver Stone Dishes on W.
- How to Vote Off Her Panties!

THE WORLD'S MOST
DANGEROUS SPORT

+ The Hills' Audrina | Seth Rogen



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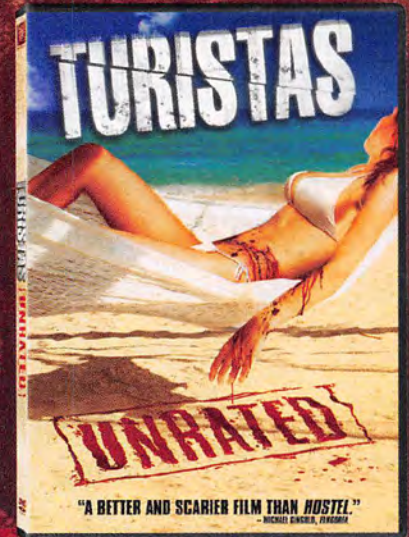
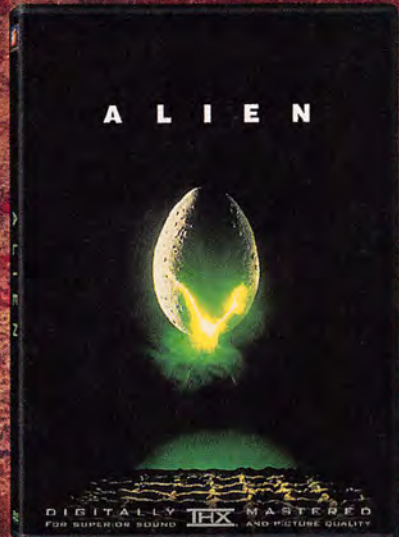
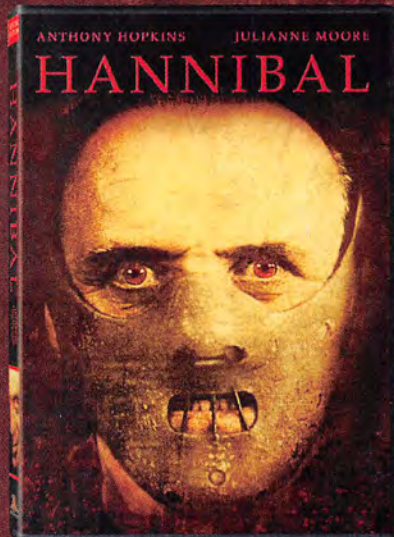
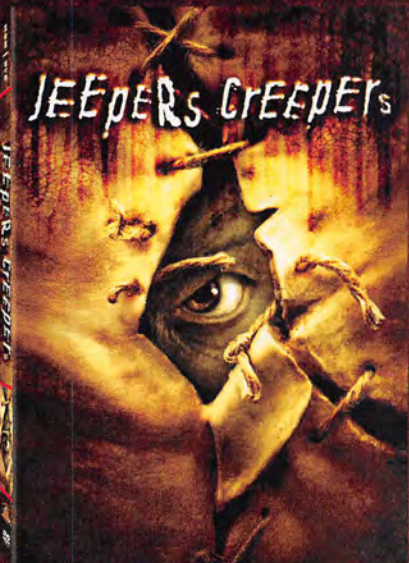
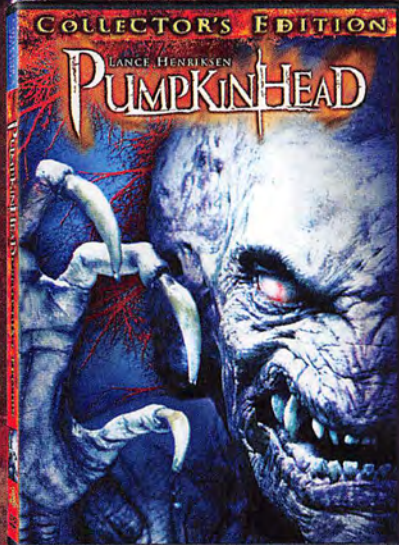
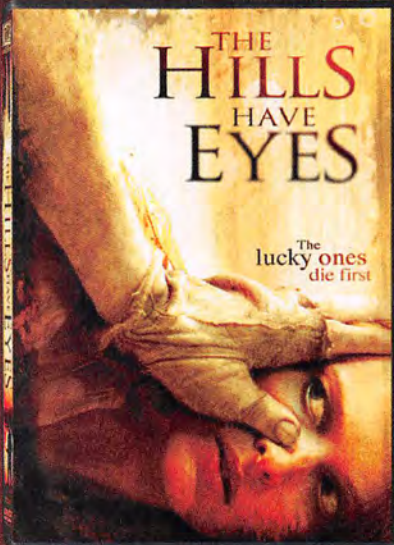
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68

Stacy Keibler

The planet's hottest wrestler turned TV dancing queen is using those 42-inch stems to kick-start an acting career. Even better, she sells her panties on eBay...Seriously!

On the Cover

Photograph, Antoine Verglas; styling, Karen Shapiro; makeup, Agostina for cloutieragency.com; hair, Steven Lake for Exclusive Artists/Redken; manicure, Tracy Sutter for cloutieragency.com; prop styling, David Ross for artmix beauty.com; tank top, Rick Owens; underwear, DKNY.

79 The Maxim RPM Awards

We give props to 2009's most fearsome muscle cars, fastest dream machines, and wildest concept rides. Screw the speed limit, 'cuz this auto-erotic extravaganza will burn rubber right through your brain!

96 30 Reasons to Give Thanks

Watching sports in HD, the undisputed joys of David Hasselhoff, cooked pigs, and nip slips, and 26 other things to be grateful for this Thanksgiving. Make like a turkey and gobble up this list!

98 Seth Rogen, Hollywood Sex God

The schlub-tastic star of *Zack and Miri Make a Porno* comes clean about his love of popcorn flicks—really—and how he became Tinseltown's unluckiest leading man.
By LOGAN HILL

104 Audrina Patridge

The breakout babe on MTV's *The Hills* dishes on the paparazzi and life with "L.C." You could care less, you say? Well, luckily she also peels down for her most sizzling bikini shoot ever. By PATRICK CARONE

110 Can Oliver Stone Rock the Vote?

The controversial director of the hotly anticipated Bush biopic *W.* talks wine, women, and politics, and takes a tongue-lashing from our fearless scribe's Republican mom.
By CHARLIE LEDUFF

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INCOMING: Alice Greczyn revs up *Sex Drive*.



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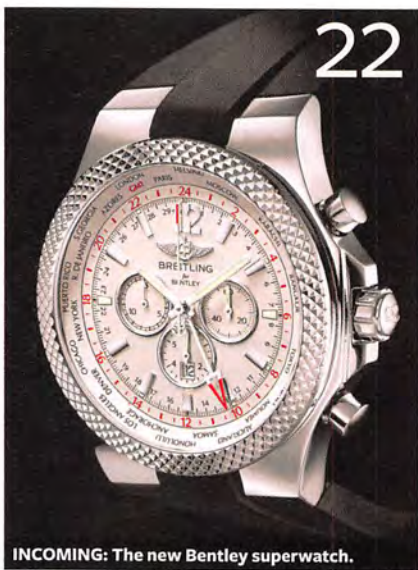
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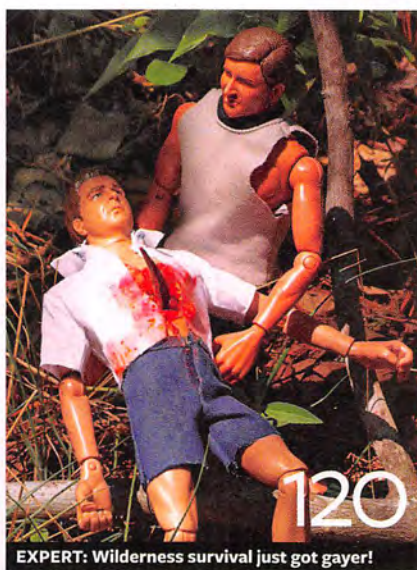
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FASHION: Even his pit crew was impressed.

22



INCOMING: The new Bentley superwatch.



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EXPERT: Wilderness survival just got gayer!

16 Letters

We eat some delicious humble pie (in chart form) and endure another heaping helping of your props and pans!

20 Incoming

Daily Show funnyman Rob Riggle deftly analyzes the presidential candidates, and Bar Refaeli blinds us with beauty!

35 Rated

Daniel Craig is lethally good in the new Bond movie, *Quantum of Solace*. Plus: We go gamer ga-ga over *Gears of War 2*.

47 Stuff

The hottest home recording studio gear, the sharpest electric knives, and the glowiest fluorescent furniture!

57 Columns

Tumblr titan David Karp on making millions online, the world's deadliest motor sport, and pickup tricks that work!

117 Expert

You don't have to be president to Swift Boat your hated office rivals—we're taking dirty political tricks corporate!

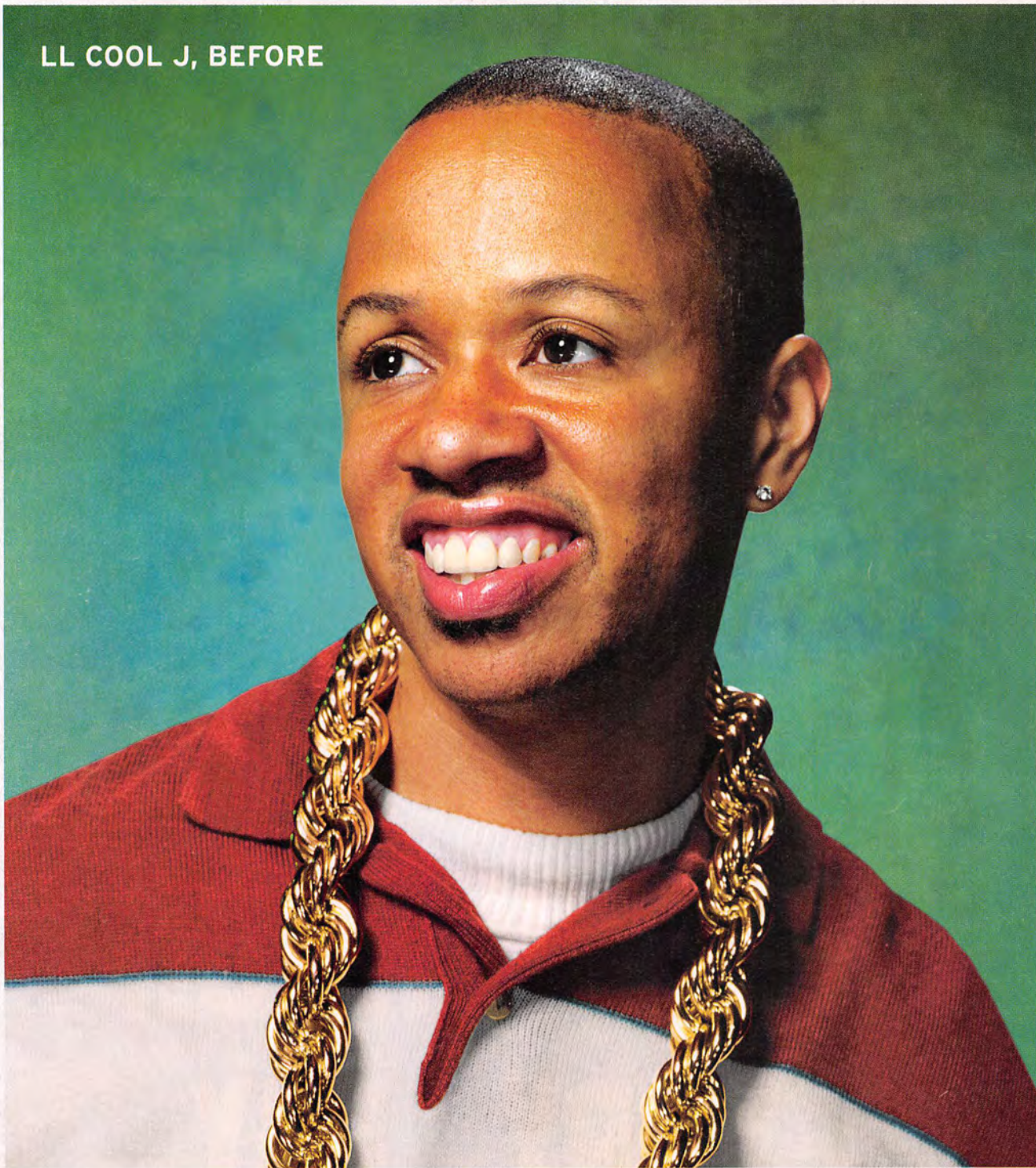
Style

Nextel Cup winner Jimmie Johnson trades in his NASCAR jumpsuit for some seriously smooth threads, and we bundle up with killer cold-weather duds.

144 The Decider

Hey, tough guy, just who exactly do you think you are? Find out with November's extremely judgmental quiz.

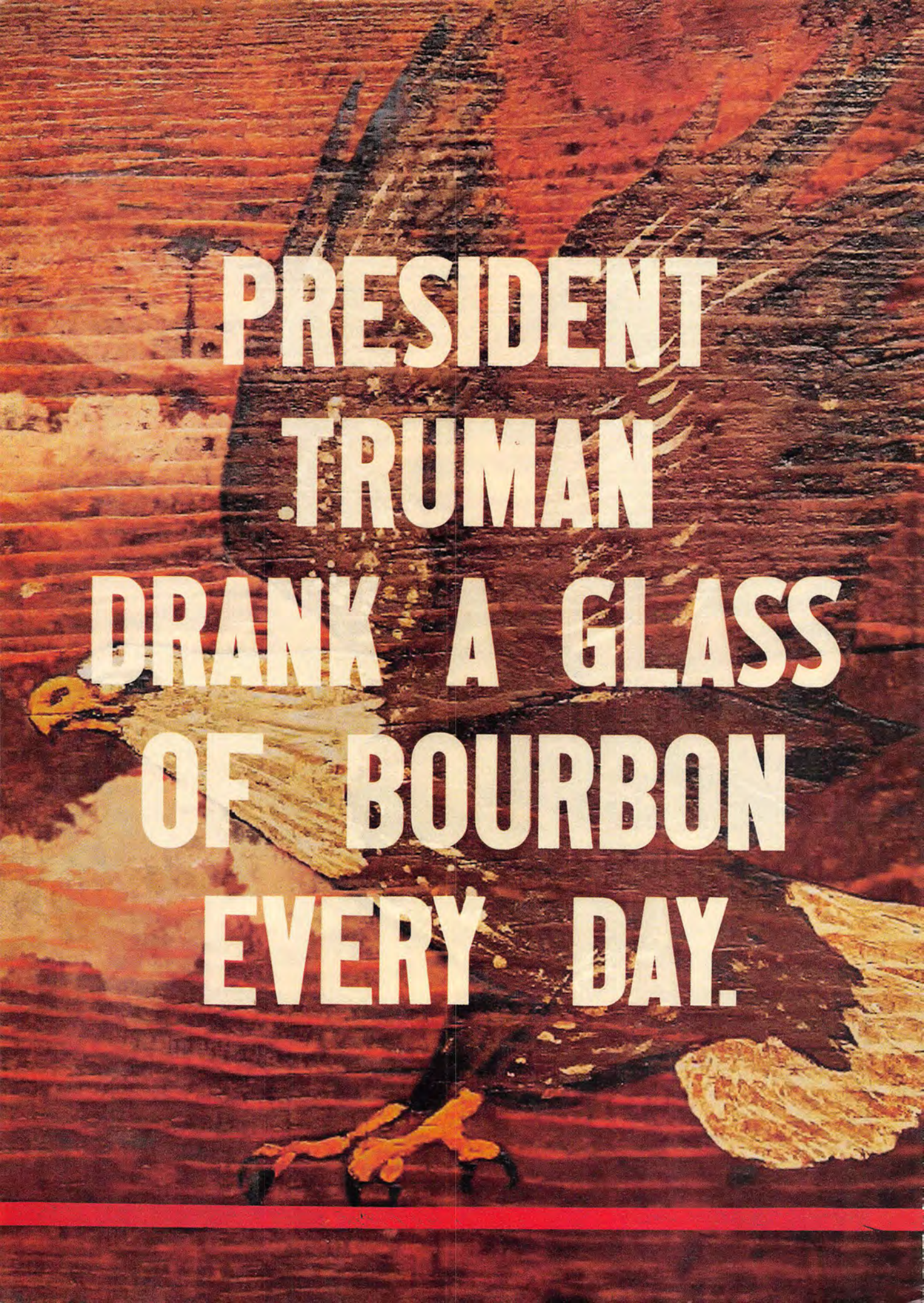
LL COOL J, BEFORE



"WITH OLD SPICE SWAGGER, I'M DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT WELL. BEFORE SWAGGER, I WAS DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT AND DOIN' IT JUST OKAY. THANKS, OLD SPICE." -LL COOL J

Old Spice
Swagger
THE SCENT THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE!



A woodpecker is depicted on a background of weathered, reddish-brown wood. The woodpecker is positioned vertically, facing downwards, with its head at the top and its tail feathers at the bottom. The text is overlaid on the woodpecker's body. The text is in a bold, white, sans-serif font, arranged in five lines. The first line is 'PRESIDENT', the second is 'TRUMAN', the third is 'DRANK A GLASS', the fourth is 'OF BOURBON', and the fifth is 'EVERY DAY.' The text is centered horizontally and covers the majority of the woodpecker's body.

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TRUMAN
DRANK A GLASS
OF BOURBON
EVERY DAY.**

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same outfit
to our prom.

Every weekday, including hard-to-spell Wednesday, find slide shows of the sexiest starlets on the planet. Now ogle the likes of Nelly Furtado and other celebubabes with our blessing.



ANY GIVEN SUNDAY

Tailgate *Maxim*-style with our roundup of the week's most jarring hits, hottest cheerleaders, and much more from pro pigskin and college ball.



FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

We're putting the "rad" back in "comrade" with vodka tastings and red-hotski photo shoots with Miss Russia contestants and last year's winner, Ksenia Sukhinova (right).

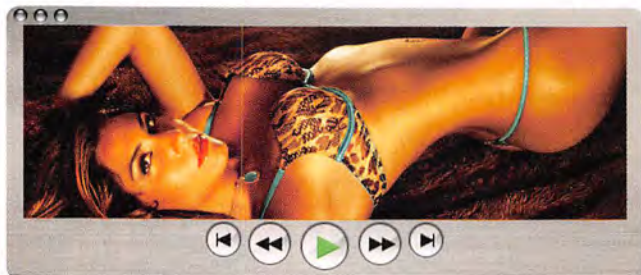


FEEL THE REEL

Don't like sports or girls? All right, weirdo. Maxim.com is dissecting the latest Tinseltown rumors and predicting some fall TV show deaths. Happy?



HOMETOWN FEVER



The clock is ticking on America's favorite contest: Hometown Hotties. Watch video of the final 10 contestants and cast your deciding votes while there's still time, man!



DIAL S FOR SEXY

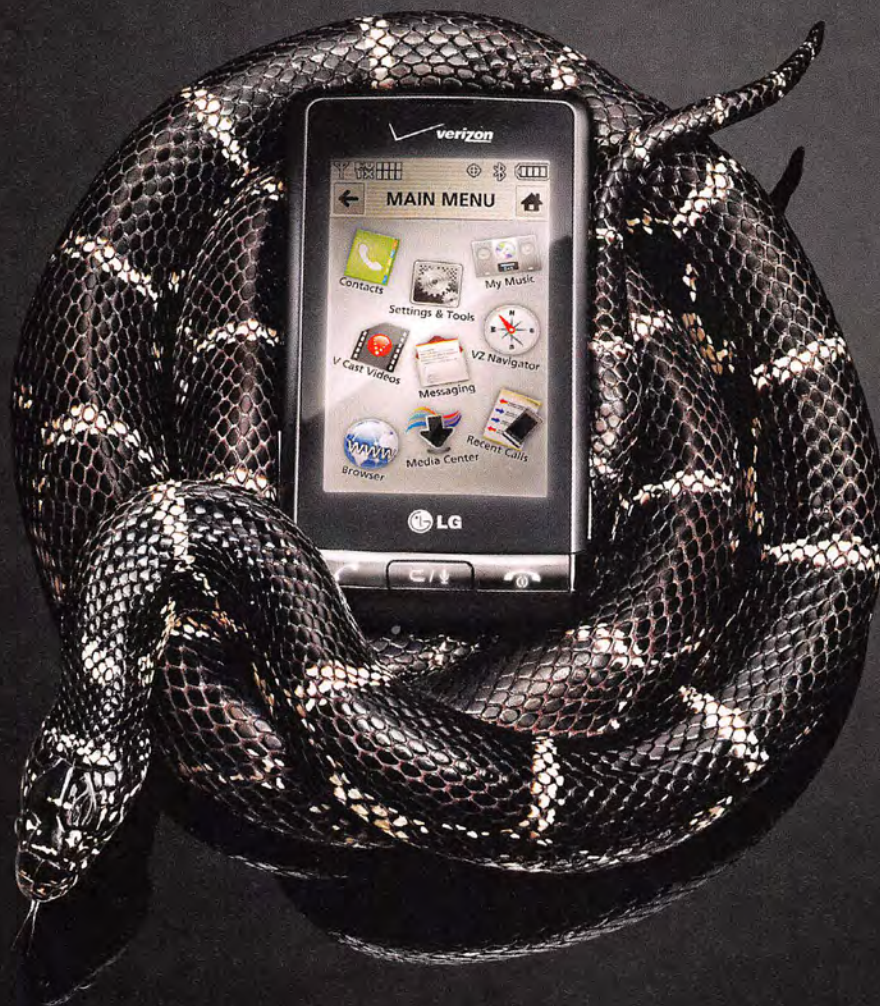
Talking on phones is overrated. Check out all the other fun stuff you can do with a minute burner!

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- 2 See a new Today's Girl in your pocket. Text MAXGAL to 44636 (4INFO).
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Scott Jacobson, Jason Kersten, David Kushner, Charlie LeDuff, Neal Pollack, Rob Riggie,
Mark Spitz, Ralph Steadman, Chris Tennant, Adam Winer

PHOTOGRAPHERS Marius Bugge, Sante D'Orazio, Don Flood, Dominick Guillemot, Jeff Harris,
Naomi Kaltman, Robert Maxwell, Nigel Parry, Warwick Saint, Satoshi, Steve Shaw, Kenji Toma,
James White, Stephan Würth ART Warren Mason PRODUCTION Shaelyn Ellis-Walter, Cor Hazelaar

PHOTO Sarah Johnson MARKET EDITOR William Buckley

COPY Lisa Ferber, Çemile Kavountzis, Laura Siciliano-Rosen RESEARCH Holiday Dmitri

WEST COAST EDITOR Ruth Hilton WEST COAST EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Jennifer Kamm

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Neil Goldstein

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Anthony Flaccavento

NEW YORK 212-372-8672: Jessica Eldridge, Michael Gedonius, Mike O'Donnell

DETROIT 248-723-1302: Peter Saad (DIRECTOR)

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with Mike Rowe TUESDAYS 9PM

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*The opportunity to take on one of the superstar athletes based on availability.

Editor's Letter

NOVEMBER 2008

That knotted feeling in your stomach is understandable, dear readers. These are unsure times to be sure. The election is finally coming up (see our last-minute lazy-man's voting guide, p.24), the economy is now officially in the toilet, someone is asking you if you want to Biggie-size your fries...There are so many unknowns, friends, but we're here to help you navigate these precarious waters (and to use your subscription money to fund our office monkey Ronjo's crippling tequila habit).

The economy is dying? Take advantage and buy a new car! Dealers are so desperate that they are actually *dealing*. We hear you can drive off the lot in a brand-new Kia for seven bucks. But if you want something slightly cooler, check out "The 2009 Maxim RPM Awards" to see the best rides of 2009 (p.79). Our road testers drove everything from \$300,000 supercars to \$30,000 super deals, and present you with nothing but the best. We want to take a moment to thank Officer Arnold Gustav in the Bronx for letting us off that 200-mph-in-a-school-zone ticket. That free Maxim T-shirt is in the mail!

Actually, we have lots of things to give thanks for, and we've compiled many of them into a handy list (see p.96) that you can borrow liberally from at your upcoming Thanksgiving feast. In putting together a countdown containing such joy-bringers as TiVo, God, and hot Brazilian synchronized swimmers, I had many intimate, confidential chats with my colleagues about truly personal reasons they have to give thanks this year. Here are a few highlights:

"Yarn. Not only does my cat, Mittens, love to play with it, but it's great for knitting. I'm making a blanket right now with Stacy Keibler's face on it!"—Art director Sean Johnston

"Gay porn. Aw, man, that stuff's so funny. I like to watch it with my buddies for, like, hours at a time and just, you know, make fun of it. What?"—Deputy editor Chris Wilson



James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

"That Bristol Palin isn't carrying my child. Alaskan-moose-skin condoms kick ass!"—Associate art director Billy Sorrentino

"Pleated pants are back in! Come out of the closet, favorite slacks, 'cause it's party time, boys!"—David Zinzenko, editor-in-chief, Men's Health

Of course, the thing we're most thankful for is the return of Stacy Keibler to our pages. Stacy put our hearts in a figure-four leg lock years ago via the WWE, but she's gone on to carve out a red-hot place for herself in the Hollywood spotlight. Plus—and this is true—she sells her old wrestling undergarments online for charity! Sorry, Save the Children, we just found a new favorite donation site.

Feeling better about these unsure times? Thought so. Your prayers of thanks are heard. Happy reading.

MAXIM BY THE NUMBERS

A digit-centric survey of what really happened during the making of the issue in your sweaty little hands.



- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | Times a drunk dude licked the Lamborghini Gallardo while we were test-driving it |
| 3 | Discussions we had about whether our portrait of Seth Rogen (p.98) was in poor taste |
| 5 | Time every afternoon that copy chief Ken Gee starts making martinis at his desk |
| 7 | Times our pickup tricks worked while eating a "Bloomin' Onion" with our bare hands |
| 8 | Pounds of Boss Hog bacon Baconfreak.com sent us. Our colons have yet to recover. |
| 18 | Hours senior editor Pat Carone spent watching <i>The Hills</i> for his Q&A with Audrina Patridge |
| 37 | Stitches needed by the homeless man who helped research our "Wilderness E.R." story |
| 42 | Length, in inches, of cover girl Stacy Keibler's awe-inspiring legs |
| 49 | Length, in inches, of prosthetic legs executive editor Dan Bova keeps hidden under his desk |



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An abundance of praise-packed stuffing and a pie chart of put-downs for one turkey of a mistake.



Don't ask if she's ever had a "Grand Slam."

Faultless

You guys outdid yourselves with the September issue. I have been a subscriber for four years, and this is the best issue ever. Anna Kournikova ["Life Without a Net"] is hotter than she has ever been! One thing's for sure: My wife is finally getting lucky as soon as I'm done typing! Back in three!

San Suak via e-mail

Your wife is one lucky lady, San. But we advise you not to bring the Anna Kournikova pics into the bubble bath with you and the missus during your romantic interlude. Rose petals are good, but a dog-eared copy of Maxim can really kill the vibe. Trust us!

Tooting Our Horn

Thank you for bringing attention to Indian rhino poaching in your September article "The Most Dangerous Game." The world needs more men of honor and courage, like park ranger Boro. It is the poachers, and those who fund their activities, who should be hunted to extinction—not the Indian rhinoceros.

Rhishja Larson (founder, savingrhinos.org) via e-mail

You know who else ought to be hunted to extinction? Whoever keeps eating the liverwurst sandwiches we stash in back of the office fridge. Seriously, that's our goddamn lunch. If we run into someone at the Maxim HQ whose breath smells like cat food, they're getting punched right in the baby-maker.

Pigskin Punishment

Your feature on the upcoming NFL season was amazingly good ["There Will be Blood!," September]. Neither ESPN nor John Madden would have the huevos to put a team together like 2008's All-Maxim Team. And the cheerleaders weren't half-bad, either.

Denis Grossman Jacksonville, TN

Thanks, Denis, but we shouldn't have allowed those bloodthirsty man-beasts inside our office. Cowboys offensive lineman Flozell Adams crushed an intern's pelvis, and 49ers linebacker Patrick Willis gave three of our editors subdural hematomas. We hope you enjoyed our pigskin preview as much as we've enjoyed eating out of a straw!

Fatale Mistake?

In the "Violent Femmes" article [Incoming, September], Harlan Austin claimed his deadly female bodyguards had as much Special Forces or law enforcement experience as his men. Women aren't allowed in the Special Forces—period. And I'm pretty sure they aren't allowed in SWAT either. That tells me this guy is either lying about their qualifications or doesn't know what the hell he's talking about.

Joshua Fick via e-mail

Or they could be from a country like New Zealand, which allows women to serve in its Special Forces. You know, the world is bigger than the Denny's parking lot you live behind, Josh. Smells better, too.

#1 IN A SERIES

LETTERS FROM OUR MOMS

Dear Steve,

Sorry to hear about your carpal tunnel pain. Don't delay in seeing a hand-arm specialist. I just had a cortisone shot in my right ring finger. I've had a problem there for 20 years. Too much yard work! Steve, I loved the September issue of Maxim. Lot of humor in it, especially in the letters on page 20.

Page 31 was also funny, with Miranda Kerr and that boyfriend of hers, Orlando Bloom, who knows more about moisturizer than she does. Also, no nipples or sissy-men!

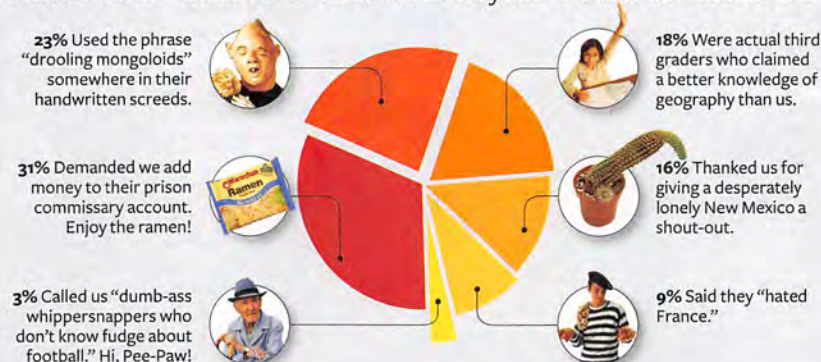
**Love,
Mommy**



That awesome critique came to us from Joyce Garbarino, the proud mom of Maxim editor-at-large Steve Garbarino. Mrs. G., we're glad you like us better than Modern Maturity. It's loyal readers like you who make our miserable lives worthwhile!

Gridiron Goof

In September's "Gameday Getaways," we incorrectly had ASU playing Arizona in New Mexico instead of Arizona. Here's how you reacted to our fact fumble.



Bonus Correction! Due to an editing error, we incorrectly quoted Nicolas Cage in our Icon interview as stating that his film *Bangkok Dangerous* takes place in the 1960s. The film is actually set in the present day. Sorry, Nic!

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A GUY WHO'S LOOKING FOR HIS BUDDY WALKS INTO A BARBERSHOP AND ASKS, "BOB PETERS HERE?" "SORRY," REPLIES THE BARBER, "WE JUST CUT HAIR."



Drinking to Forget

A man walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "Give me 13 margaritas."

The bartender says, "Wow, that's quite an order. What's the occasion?"

The man replies, "Well, I'm celebrating my first blow job."

"That is something to celebrate. Tell you what, how about one more on the house?" says the bartender.

The man replies, "No, thanks. If 13 doesn't get the taste out of my mouth, nothing will."

Doody Call

A man is sitting on a men's room toilet when the guy in the stall next to him says, "Hi."

"Um, hi," the first man answers.

"What's going on?"

"I'm traveling," the first guy says hesitantly.

"Mind if I stop over?"

"What...Why the hell would you want to do that?"

"Hey, I'll call you

back," says the second guy. "The weirdo in the other stall keeps talkin' to me."

Animal Passion

A doctor has sex with one of his patients and feels extremely guilty about it.

The next day he hears voices in his head.

One says, "It's OK, a lot of doctors do it."

A second says, "You sick fuck, you're a vet!"

Show and Tell

A guy shopping at the supermarket notices a hot woman waving at him.

"Do I know you?" he says, walking over.

A HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE SHARING
A BOTTLE OF WINE WHEN THE HUSBAND SAYS,
"I BET YOU CAN'T TELL ME SOMETHING
THAT WILL MAKE ME HAPPY AND SAD AT
THE SAME TIME." THE WIFE THINKS FOR A
FEW MOMENTS, THEN SAYS, "YOUR DICK IS
BIGGER THAN YOUR BROTHER'S."



Q:
WHAT'S THE WORST THING
ABOUT ROLLERBLADING?

A:
TELLING YOUR PARENTS
YOU'RE GAY.



"I think you're the father of one of my kids," the woman says.

"Are you that hooker I banged behind Chuck E. Cheese's during my son's birthday party?"

"No," she says. "I'm his math teacher."

Snack Attack

An elderly man lying on his death bed catches a whiff of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies wafting up the stairs. He gathers up all his strength and hobbles downstairs to the kitchen. Just as he's reaching for a plate of cookies, his wife suddenly whacks him on the hand with a wooden spoon.

"Stay out of those!" she yells. "They're for the funeral!"

BEAT THIS CAPTION



"I'll be wearing a cap with a bill," Ming told her blind date.

MAKE A FEW
JADED EDITORS
GIGGLE AND
THESE SPEAKERS
ARE YOURS.

TO ENTER

1. Caption until it hurts at Maxim.com/contests. (For complete rules, see Maxim.com.)
2. When we pick one joke out of the giant office sombrero, whoever's name should appear on said joke will receive a sweet Samson Studio Dock!
3. Click on Maxim.com early and often to find out if you've won. Or don't. Whatever.



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INCOMING

{ IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE }



Alberta Ferretti bodysuit
Anthropologie sweater

The first 1,000 Verizon Wireless customers to text ALICE to 51945 receive a FREE wallpaper of this picture. (Standard text messaging rates apply.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS FORTUNA

MY FIRST TIME

ALICE GRECZYN

The next time we set off on a road trip to lose our virginity, remind us to take a detour through Amish country. That's where the lucky bastards in *Sex Drive*, the latest raunchily R-rated teen comedy to hit screens, meet Mary, an Amish girl with some steam to vent. But trust us, there's a lot more to actress Alice Greczyn than a bonnet and one memorable sex scene.

First Road Trip Memory

My family traveled a lot. For a while we even lived in a trailer and traveled from campground to campground. If we got to eat at the Cheese-cake Factory, it was the highlight of our whole year! But I don't miss having to share a bathroom with seven people or having powdered milk with my cereal. It was so nasty.

First Experience Playing an Amish Girl

When the producers called and offered me the part of Mary, I was like, "I don't think I look Amish at all!" But it was cool playing this repressed girl during her rumspringa who gets a little bit carried away.

First Time Giving Us a Wonderful Mental Image

The sex scene was a lot of fun to film. We got to make Mary this totally crazy freak in bed. It was just silly, slap-you-around kind of stuff. But I wasn't embarrassed at all. I had underwear and pasties on, so I felt completely comfortable in front of the crew.

First Amish-Related Fantasy

I would show up in a red convertible and a little string bikini to seduce some poor Amish boy and take him home with me. I'd like to think I have that power if I really wanted to use it.—Mike Olson





Breitling for Bentley GMT

Luxury watch company Breitling's latest collaboration with the pimpin' British car kingpin gives us this all-steel stunner inspired by the Bentley dashboard, with a black rubber band giving a nod to the tires. Vroom! \$9,135, breitling.com

4

Voodoo Experience

Forget Coachella—this is the country's most fun-filled musicfest, mainly because it happens in the delightfully decadent city of New Orleans. Headliners include Nine Inch Nails, R.E.M., Stone Temple Pilots, and Lil Wayne. Come early to check out dozens of opening acts and shirtless dudes getting arrested. October 24–26



THE COUNTDOWN

Five amazing, cool, and slightly alarming things we're obsessed with this month.

3 Sleeveface

So simple, so genius: a book that collects images of people holding record albums up to their faces and body parts. (That's the Strokes' *Is This It*. Get it?) Check sleeveface.com for more pics or to buy the damn thing. \$14



YouveBeenLeft Behind.com

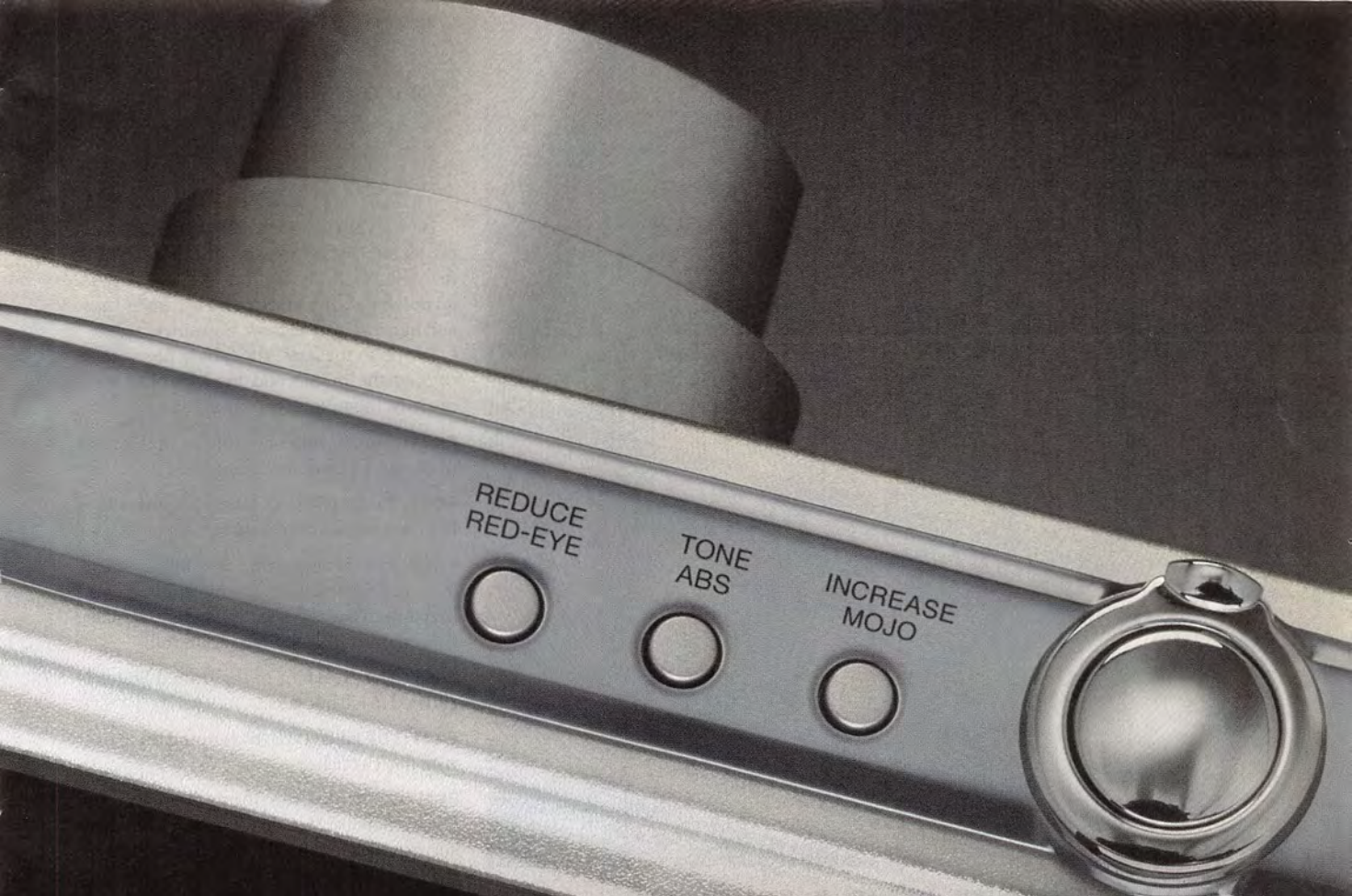
When Armageddon comes, good Christians will be yanked to heaven before Jesus blows up the planet. If you're one of them, you can pay this site \$40 to send a goodbye e-mail to your heathen friends when you disappear.

2



Mila Kunis

Quick tip for ya: Be sure to hydrate properly before you go see Mila's turn as a supersexy assassin in this month's ultraviolent video game flick *Max Payne*. The insanely hot Ms. K will have you drooling in your seat as she takes out bad guys with guns and legs a-blazin'.



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HOW NOT TO VOTE LIKE A DUMB-ASS

Before you go pulling any levers on November 4, *Daily Show* correspondent Rob Riggles has a few facts for you to consider.

The 2008 presidential election has been one of the longest campaigns in U.S. history. For almost two years, we've had to listen to candidates, pundits, and cable news networks fill our heads with a nonstop river of bullshit. At this point it's all become "white noise" (no offense, Senator McCain!). I take my job as a fake journalist seriously, and as a result I've uncovered some facts about both

candidates that I feel obligated to share. Before I do that, I want to let you know that I am an undecided voter, and that I'm not wearing any pants or underwear right now.

Here's my dilemma: I like both candidates for different reasons. I like McCain because he's a maverick; he told Bush to go pound sand over his tax policies, campaign finance reform, interrogation tactics, and the environment. Also, he has a hot, rich wife, which I believe sets an excellent example for our nation's youth.

Here's why I like Barack Obama: He inspires people, makes them less cynical about government—he feels like tomorrow. Also, he did a great job dancing on *The Ellen DeGeneres Show*, and he can drain the three from anywhere.

OK, on to the facts. These have been vetted through the Internet and drunk friends, so you can trust them. Vote wisely, America.

FACT: John McCain once told an orphan and his puppy to "Shut the fuck up!"

FACT: Barack Obama's family reunions look like the cantina scene from *Star Wars*.

FACT: If elected, McCain's opening line of his inaugural address will be, "I think I just crapped my pants. What's everybody laughing at? Ahhh, these damn kids and their rock'n'roll!"

FACT: The president of the United States is allowed to kill hookers.

FACT: FDR killed three by running them over with his wheelchair.

FUN FACT: On Senator Obama's first day in the Senate, Senator McCain welcomed him with a surprise kick to the balls. Once Barack was on the ground, the rest of the senators lined up and took turns whacking him with a gym sock that had a bar of soap in it. (Exception: Senator Hillary R. Clinton used \$50 in pocket change in her sock.)

FACT: The top of Senator Joe Biden's head can be unscrewed like a jar of peanut butter and contains the same thing.

FACT: Obama intends to surrender Iraq no matter what the consequences, and he is planning to surrender Florida as well.

FACT: McCain once challenged Tom Hanks to a penis-measuring contest. Mr. Hanks accepted the challenge...and won.

FACT: Governor Sarah Palin once challenged Tom Hanks to a penis-measuring contest. Mr. Hanks accepted the challenge...and lost.

FACT: I'm not exactly certain what "fact" means.

#12 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Boss Hog Country Bacon.

Don't you hate when you fry up a skillet of bacon and your beloved swine strips shrink to pathetic curlicues? That won't happen with Baconfreak.com's bestseller, because no water is used in the curing process, thus preventing any embarrassing shrinkage. This thick-cut, brown-sugar-powered pleasure is culled from pigs on an undisclosed Kentucky farm before it's sent to your mailbox. At \$16 a pound, it ain't cheap, but can you put a price on the bacon of your dreams?



BIG NUMBER

45,000,000

Estimated number of turkeys Americans will gobble on November 27. Hey, has anybody seen our pilgrim hat?

CINEMA

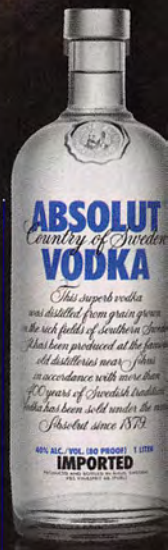
WAIT FOR THE DVD

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THE



IMPORTED

BIGGEST UNDERSTATEMENTS EVER

As his presidency winds down with a ball-sucking 30 percent approval rating, G.W. recently noted, "There is probably some personal animosity toward me." Here then, a salute to the fine art of putting it mildly.

"We've got some short-term issues to deal with."

GEORGE W. BUSH ON WHAT ECONOMISTS ARE CALLING THE WORST RECESSION IN 25 YEARS

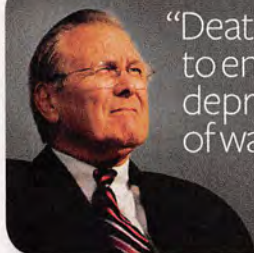


"Unfortunately, at her death we were at odds."

O. J. SIMPSON ON THE STATUS OF HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS EX-WIFE NICOLE BROWN SIMPSON



"Death has a tendency to encourage a depressing view of war." DONALD RUMSFELD



"I really messed up this time."

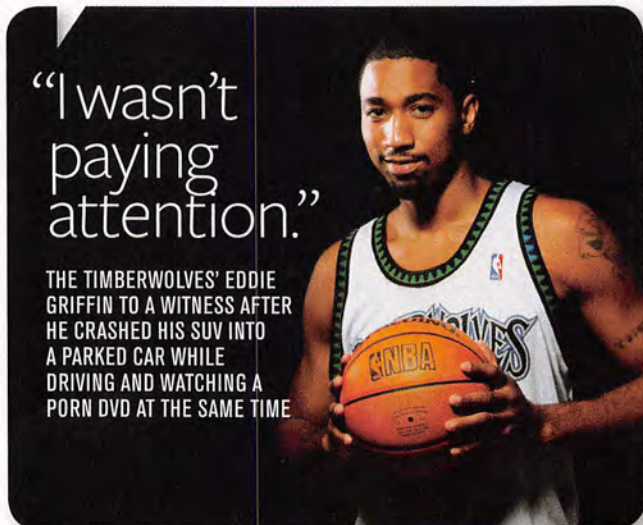
JEFFREY DAHMER AFTER HIS ARREST FOR KILLING, SEXING, AND EATING 17 MEN AND BOYS



—Laura Leu and Corinne Cummings

"I wasn't paying attention."

THE TIMBERWOLVES' EDDIE GRIFFIN TO A WITNESS AFTER HE CRASHED HIS SUV INTO A PARKED CAR WHILE DRIVING AND WATCHING A PORN DVD AT THE SAME TIME



"I love children."

MICHAEL JACKSON TO *EBONY*



TRENDSTOPPING

Man-Babies

Let's put an end to the most horrifying Halloween costume ever conceived.

This 31st of October, we'll give a pass to dudes sporting Borat and even Austin Powers costumes. Incredibly lame? Sure. But nothing compares to the horror we experience upon laying eyes on a grown man dressed as a baby. Yeah, we're talking to you, guy with a white towel pinned around his waist, a bonnet on his head, and a comically oversize bottle in his mouth. No, the fact that you have beer in said bottle does not make it

"awesome." It's awful. Your giant pacifier? Even worse. And the diaper just makes the thought of you crapping yourself all too real in our fetid imaginations. The only time a man like you should be this naked in public is if you're in the nosebleeds covered in body paint. Halloween is not for you to creep everyone out. It's for little kids to get candy and for hot women to dress like hookers. So don't be a baby—please stop.



BABY PHOTOGRAPHS: 2008QUADPHOTO/ZACK BOWEN (LEFT); ROBSPHOTOS.COM (RIGHT WITH BONNET)

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THE



BAR REFAELI

We offer a heartfelt *shalom* to Israel's sexiest supermodel.

Dear Bar,

Like many cubicle monkeys who are afraid of downloading porn at work, we spend a good chunk of our day staring at paparazzi shots of bikini-clad models and actresses frolicking on the beach. We're not especially proud of this, but it's the truth. Bar, your beach pics are among the sexiest we've ever seen, but that's hardly surprising considering your freakishly hot bod has spiced up the *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue and the Victoria's Secret runway. Meanwhile, our vacation shots showcase what we like to call "the Three S's": sunburn, spare tires, and sorrow. But we bet you're just as into building sand castles as we are!

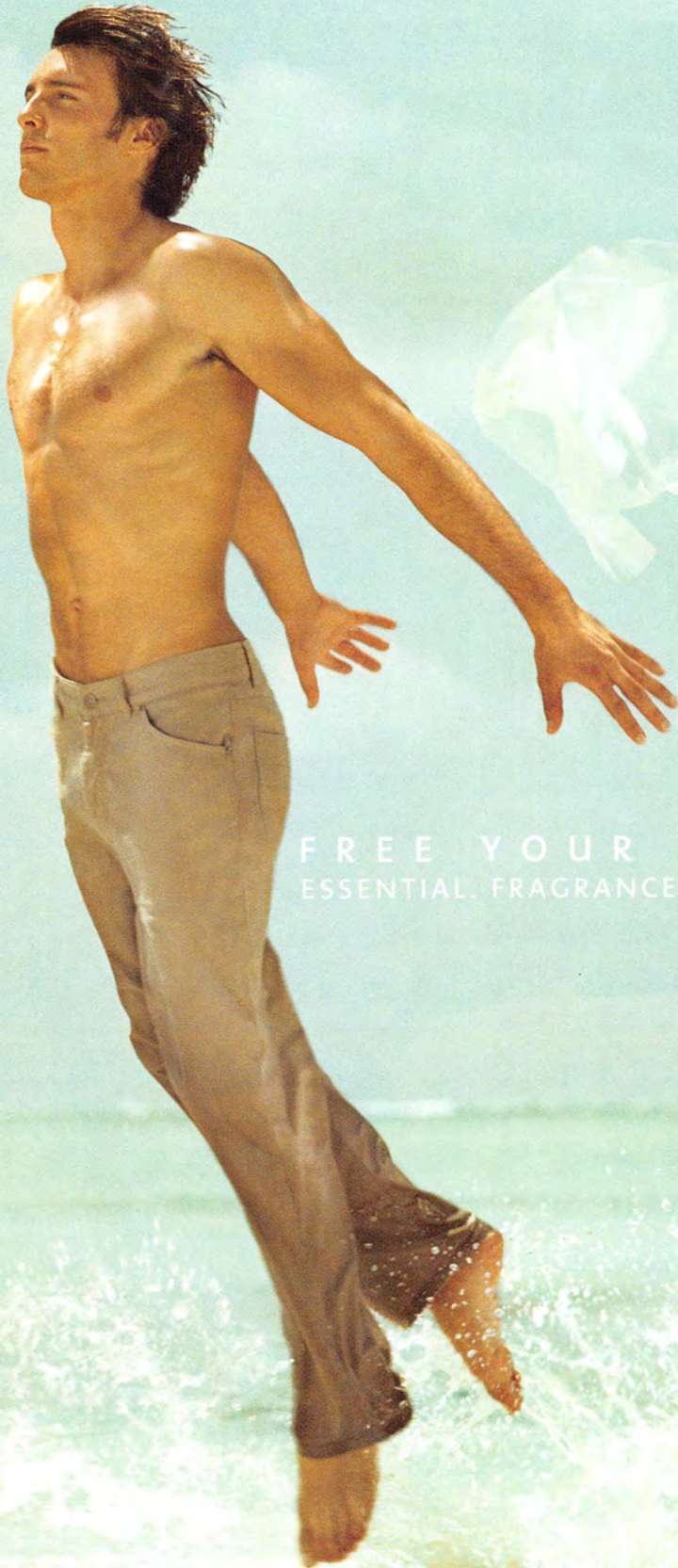
Another thing we have in common? We're big-time Leo DiCaprio fans. We gave props to your boyfriend's performance in *The Departed* and grudgingly respect anyone who has made sweet love to yourself and Gisele Bündchen. God forbid if anything happened to him, like if his Prius exploded or he choked on a shrimp at the Ivy, we'd totally be there for you. Thought you should know. See you at the beach!

*Love Ya
Maxim*



Requests to visit her Gaza Strip were quickly denied.

PHOTOGRAPHS: LANDOV (MAIN); CORBIS (INSET)



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WHAT DAMAGE CAN BE DONE IN A HELMET-TO-HELMET NFL COLLISION?

George Vasquez, San Antonio, TX

1. The Teeth

"A head-to-head collision can cause tooth avulsions," says Dr. Kamen Bell (a member of Hackensack University Medical Center's trauma unit and a physician for the New York Giants), which sounds almost cute until you learn "avulsion" means "complete displacement of the tooth from its roots."

3. The Skull

Everyone knows about the chance of concussions from head-on collisions, but it isn't the only risk. Bell notes other potential injuries include internal bleeding, "a break in the skull bone," and "blood clots in or around the brain." Not to mention the prospect of always speaking like you have a mouthful of mashed potatoes after you retire.

2. The Jaw

One of two intensely painful things can happen: a broken mandible or a dislocation (where "the lower part of the jaw has moved out of its position where the bone connects to the skull"). It's often followed by heavy bleeding and a mandatory visit to the ER (particularly if the player enjoys breathing).

4. The Neck and Spine

When a player experiences tingling, numbness, or an inability to wiggle a valued extremity, it's time to get scared. "Paralysis happens when the spinal cord becomes damaged," states Bell. A break in the bones of the neck can lead to losing the ability to move below the spot of the injury...which is why we stick to Ultimate Frisbee.



The Army's new "waffle gun" was sure to win hearts and stomachs.

HOW DOES THE ARMY'S NEW CROWD-CONTROL RAY GUN WORK?

Ethan Soles, Montclair, NJ

The Active Denial System, or ADS as it's affectionately known, is a transmitter that shoots a radio-frequency millimeter wave (not to be confused with microwaves or totally bitchin' waves). When the rays hit their target, they're absorbed $\frac{1}{64}$ of an inch into the skin, zapping water molecules near your nerve endings and causing an intense heating sensation, much like the time we squatted in a bucket of Icy Hot. "It was developed to target insubordinate individuals in crowds," explains Col. Kirk Hymes, director of the Joint Non-Lethal Weapons Directorate, who's been hit with the beam 22 times. "It feels like you're opening a hot oven; a blast of heat takes over your body. But once you're out of the beam, the sensation stops." Kind of like getting a lap dance! Right, Colonel?



You don't want to see the rest of his elephant impression.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST LOSS ON A BET OF ALL TIME?

Tom Abrams, Lexington, KY

While we may never know the true answer to this question, there are a few terrible losses worth mentioning. In 2007 a Russian named Andrei Karpov put his wife up in a poker game. He lost. When the winner came to collect, the justifiably pissed-off wife willingly switched husbands. Think losing your wife in a card game is no big deal? The biggest reported loss on a sports bet was a \$4.2 million punch in the balls delivered to a New Zealander who bet on the wrong team in the 2007 Rugby World Cup. Wow, that's barely a real sport! Another huge financial F.U. was administered to British billionaire Mike Ashley this year. He's rumored to have lost \$227 million after wagering that the share price of a troubled bank would rise. And to think we were bummed about losing our virginity in a game of h-o-r-s-e.

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Vibe, G6 Sedan and G5 XFE from Pontiac. Who always was, and will be, CAR.



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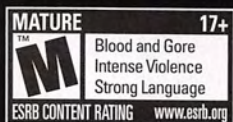


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QUANTUM LEAP

Daniel Craig provides a dossier on the latest James Bond flick, *Quantum of Solace*.

The last time we saw James Bond, he was standing over the man responsible for the death of the woman he loved and holding an extremely large gun. "We start immediately after *Casino Royale* ended," star Daniel Craig says of the latest Bond film, *Quantum of Solace*. Well, maybe not immediately. A solid 20 minutes have passed, enough time for Bond to find himself in the middle of a car chase. "I'm in the Aston Martin DBS, and they've used it beautifully," Craig says. "It's a great chase." And it kicks off a film that has even more action and depth than its franchise-rebooting predecessor.

For this, the 22nd Bond film, 007 must unravel the inner workings of a criminal organization known as Quantum—think of it as an updating of the classic league of Bond villains, SPECTRE. "He's trying to find these guys who killed the woman he loves, so obviously he's pissed off," Craig says. "Everybody thinks Bond is now a loose cannon."

The process of shooting the film left Craig with battle scars of his own. "I chopped off the end of my finger," he says with typical 007 detachment. "But that's really healed amazingly; there's a postage-stamp scar there. And I got eight stitches in my face from a kick. That was nothing, really."

Overseeing Craig's ass whupping was Marc Forster, a director previously best known for arty dramas *Monster's Ball* and *Finding Neverland*. His mission was to bring more emotion and psychological tension to the adrenaline-drenched spy series. "We wanted to make sure we didn't just rehash *Casino*, because that would have been easy," Craig says. "We could have said, 'Well, that's the blueprint. Let's just do it again.' But that wasn't an option for anybody." —Adam Winer





Another fruitful trip to the flea market

COLLATERAL DAMAGE

Splat-happy sci-fi blaster *Gears of War 2* ratchets up the violence.

To today's chakra-enlightened Wii fan, piloting a squad of steroidal space marines on a mission to blast extraterrestrial innards may seem, well, so last generation. Thankfully, *Gears of War 2* couldn't give a limb-severing hoot. "Gore is a measure of in-game success," gushes designer Cliff Bleszinski of his sequel to the fastest-selling game of 2006. "You're basically Gallagher exploding watermelons. And by watermelons, I mean spleens and heads." Sure, there are humane story lines buried somewhere under all that gore—for instance, hero Marcus Fenix's squad features old pal Domi-

nic, who is obsessed with finding his missing wife—but the focus is on shredding flesh. New weapons include mortars, poison grenades, and the Mulcher, a machine gun that chews up metal, wood, and your Locust Horde nemeses. With buzzing-bladed, one-on-one duels, playable vehicles like monster-truck-wheeled tanks, and seven game modes ranging from solo campaigns to 10-player online free-for-alls, rest assured: There will be blood. Why stay so aggro when the smart money today is in hawking sunshine and rainbows? "Counter-programming," Bleszinski says. "Everyone's doing the warm, fuzzy thing now. We're just big kids sticking to our guns." —Scott Steinberg

A History of Violence

Gears blooded up gaming. Check out these gory other trailblazers.

SONG: Body Count's "Cop Killer"

A graphic narrative sung by Ice-T about a man pushed to commit cop-icide, 1991's "Killer" is full of such heartwarming lyrics as, "I got my 12-gauge sawed off/I'm 'bout to dust some cops off." The guy must have hated *Barney Miller* reruns.

MOVIE: *Hostel*

Birthing a new genre of horror flick—"torture porn"—Eli Roth's *Hostel* grossed out even jaded audiences back in '05. Chronicling the grisly deaths of Americans in an Eastern European human slaughterhouse, *Hostel* put torture just below syphilis on our top-reasons-never-to-go-to-Slovakia list.

BOOK: The Bible

Thousands of years old, the Bible has served as gory inspiration for, well, just about everything. Whether He's wasting the sinful residents of Sodom and Gomorrah, unleashing locusts on Egyptians, or turning rivers into blood, the Notorious G.O.D. has been stacking bodies like all-you-can-eat flapjacks.



Film Checkup

Sifting through the cinematic heap.

	Characters get tortured	Audience gets tortured	Incomprehensible language spoken	King Leonidis and Ari Gold unite!	Corrupt cops and/or class presidents	Seen it before	OUR TAKE
Pride and Glory Ed Norton is a by-the-book NYPD'er tasked with investigating his brother, fellow copper Colin Farrell, in a cash-for-badges conspiracy.					✓	✓	Norton to Internal Affairs: "This isn't going to go how you want it to." He's right, because we liked this flick when it was called, uh, <i>Every Cop Movie Ever</i> .
High School Musical 3 The oldest teenagers this side of <i>Grease</i> are back at the singiest prep school in the land. And there's a basketball game or something.		✓	✓		✓	✓	With apologies to the Jonas Brothers, this is the tween event of the year. We suggest you take advantage by buying some new shirts at the suddenly deserted mall.
Saw V The series returns with more fiendish traps, scary dolls, and ethical dilemmas than you can shake a derivative sequel at...again.	✓					✓	V is a perfectly decent frightfest worth two hours of your less-than-valuable time, but not 10 of your precious dollars. Netflix this one—there's a recession!
RocknRolla Guy Ritchie directs Gerard Butler and Jeremy Piven in a crime caper about a Russian real estate development scheme in jolly old London.			✓	✓		✓	Ritchie is free from Madonna's muscly clutches and back in <i>Lock, Stock and Snatch</i> form. Expect great action and a ton of hard-to-understand dialogue.

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GREG KINNEAR

The Oscar-nominated star of this month's *Flash of Genius* watches his life flash before his eyes.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?

Well, I arrived naked, screaming, and covered in blood, so going out should be a piece of cake.

DO YOU HAVE ANY DEATHBED CONFESSIONS?

I inhaled.

WILL YOU BE GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL?

I'm a rule follower, so let's hope for heaven.

WHICH OF YOUR MOVIES PLAYS OVER AND OVER IN HEAVEN?

Heaven's DVD player is broken, so everyone is forced to read books.

YOU PLAY AN INVENTOR IN YOUR NEW MOVIE, *FLASH OF GENIUS*. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE LIKED TO INVENT WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE?

I'm baffled that there's a machine sitting on Mars frying up soil samples and yet we can't

construct a reasonably priced, battery-operated Father's Day gift that would lead a man to his lost golf ball.

WAS THERE ANYONE ON EARTH YOU WANTED TO PUNCH IN THE FACE?

I'm happy to report that everybody whose face I've wanted to punch on Earth has already been punched.

NAME ONE THING YOU'RE GLAD YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN.

That awkward thing with guys where you're not sure whether you're supposed to hug or shake hands.

WHAT'S YOUR LAST MEAL?

I'm eating at a nice little café in Paris—that way I can drag the meal out for, say, four or five hours without raising anybody's suspicions.

IN YOUR RECENT FLICK *GHOST TOWN*, YOU PLAYED A GHOST. IF YOU COULD COME BACK AND HAUNT ANYONE, WHO WOULD IT BE?

Any CEO of any oil company. And I mean I really scare the shit out of them. We're talkin' naked guys running down hallways screaming.

WHAT IS YOUR PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENT?

Watching my kids be good kids.

DO YOU REGRET NOT PARTICIPATING IN TONS OF ORGIES, LIKE YOUR CHARACTER IN *AUTO FOCUS*?

Hey, hey. I just mentioned children here! What is this? *Maxim* magazine?!

WHAT ARE PEOPLE SAYING OVER YOUR CASKET?

He's a lot taller than I thought.

Flash of Genius, the story of the man who invented the intermittent windshield wiper, is in theaters now.

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RATED MUSIC



Thankfully, he opted for the less garish outfit.

STRIP THROAT

T-Pain's *Thr33 Ringz* provides the soundtrack to your next lap dance.

There's a million kids who are way better than me," says T-Pain, "all wondering how the hell this Auto-Tune freak came out and they ain't got no deal." The R&B sensation is referring, of course, to the voice modification tool with which he has become synonymous. Were it not for the effect applied to vocals on megahits the 24-year-old Floridian has churned out or guested on since 2005's breakthrough "I'm N Luv (Wit a Stripper)," strip club DJs might still be falling back on "Girls, Girls, Girls."

One of the most sought-after collaborators in the business—names as huge as Kanye and Mariah have called upon his talents—Pain has not only rendered old-fashioned singing obsolete; he's also furnished champagne rooms with a themed soundtrack. His stripper fixation continues on his latest party-starting album, *Thr33*

Ringz. He employs a Borscht Belt comic sensibility on a tune called "Long Lap Dance," which is four and a half—not the typical three—minutes long. Get ready to earn that \$20, ladies.

On the disc's other tunes, Pain recruits big-time guests like Lil Wayne (who recorded his verse for "Can't Believe It" at 4 A.M.) and Ludacris (highlight "Chopped & Screwed") but still takes cues from working women. "I spend a lot of time in strip clubs, so I've heard a lot of life stories," he recalls. "Most girls don't wanna think about the fat old dude they're dancing on." So has he ever come up with a song that was simply too dirty? "I don't really go that far," says Pain, whose non-Auto-Tune track "Keep Going" is dedicated to his kids. "I try to make sure everybody can vibe with a song. Play it for Grandma and shit like that." —Nick Catucci

T-Pain's *Thr33 Ringz* is in stores now.

Music Reviews

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping.

Bloc Party • Intimacy • Atlantic



●●●●○

The Brit quartet's third album fuses indie rock and electronica with fierce results. The brass on "Mercury" would support an OutKast club banger, while "Halo" is a Hold Steady-grade barroom anthem. —Ben Detrick

Electric Six • Flashy • Metropolis



●●●●○

Six years after the stupid-fun "Danger! High Voltage," the disco-punkers are still bellowing nonsense, this time about white women ("We Were Witchy White Women") and gay bars ("Gay Bar Part Two"). —N.C.

Q-Tip • The Renaissance • Universal Motown



●●●●○

With Kanye and Lupe taking cues from his style, it would seem to be Tip's time again. But rather than cash in, he goes his own way. On his mind: war woes ("Fight/Love") and "spiritual forces" ("ManWoman-Boogie"). —N.C.



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ALI LARTER

The hottest of the *Heroes* does battle with her dark side.

After famously donning a whipped-cream bikini in *Varsity Blues* and eluding death in *Final Destination*, budding starlet Ali Larter did the unthinkable—she hightailed it out of Hollywood. Not for a stint in rehab, mind you, but to reassess her career goals. “A lot of people didn’t want me to leave the business,” she says. “But for me time in real life is what makes you an actor. You need to have something to say.”

A few years later the Jersey native found her voice—and her way back into the limelight—through NBC’s smash hit *Heroes*, now in its third season. “This year the plot is moving fast,” she exclaims. “You’d better hold on tight.” Centering on the idea that there may be a villain in every hero, the show is “getting a little bit darker,” according to Ali. And so the question arises: Is her character, a single mother with dual personalities and superhuman strength, naughty or nice? “You’ll definitely be surprised by the woman you meet,” she reveals. “Everything you thought she was is about to get turned upside down.”

Fortunately, Ali has had plenty of experience defying gravity. Past episodes have featured her flinging opponents across the room with a single swat. “We fly and scream and do all those fun things,” she says. Such fun doesn’t come without a little pain, however. “Safety harnesses hurt, especially when they pinch,” she admits, before dipping into some superhero invulnerability. “But then you think about how cool it’s going to look.” —Jennifer Kamm

Catch *Heroes* Mondays at 9 P.M. on NBC.

Not so heroic? Her choice in wallpaper.





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3
MONTHS

6
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9
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Flight of the Conchords

Wondering what's up with Bret and Jemaine? Well, New Zealand's fourth most popular folk-parody duo is returning to HBO with more weird songs...and fewer than 12 episodes that favor "quality over quantity."



Paul Blart: Mall Cop

Kevin James plays a security guard trying to thwart thieves intent on plundering his emporium of consumerism. James' uniform may be from Big & Tall, but we're guessing the laughs will be strictly Baby Gap.



Resident Evil 5

The game that defined the "survival horror" genre is back, with an interactive environment and a more immersive story line. RE5 should prove that, like the zombies you're wasting, the series won't die easy.



J-Stache

John Oates of Hall & Oates fame is getting a cartoon...about his mustache...voiced by Dave Attell. Got it? The 'stache's mission? Fight villains bent on murder. When this bizarre show gets picked up, we'll be tuning in.



Terminator: Salvation

The bat-tastic Christian Bale is an all-grown-up John Connor in the fourth chapter of the sci-fi franchise, which focuses on the brutal war between Skynet and humanity. We bet nobody is going to miss Ah-nold.



Jimmy Fallon Hosts Late Night

Fallon's film-flop track record might seem to make him an odd choice to fill Conan's pale shoes on Late Night, but remember, it took a good couple of years for O'Brien to get comfortable in Dave's old slot.



The Strokes and Pharrell

The biggest musical rumor of 2009 is that Pharrell Williams wants to produce N.Y.C. rockers the Strokes' new album. (He called them "a genius band.") Let's see if this odd musical cocktail makes us hurl.



Funny People

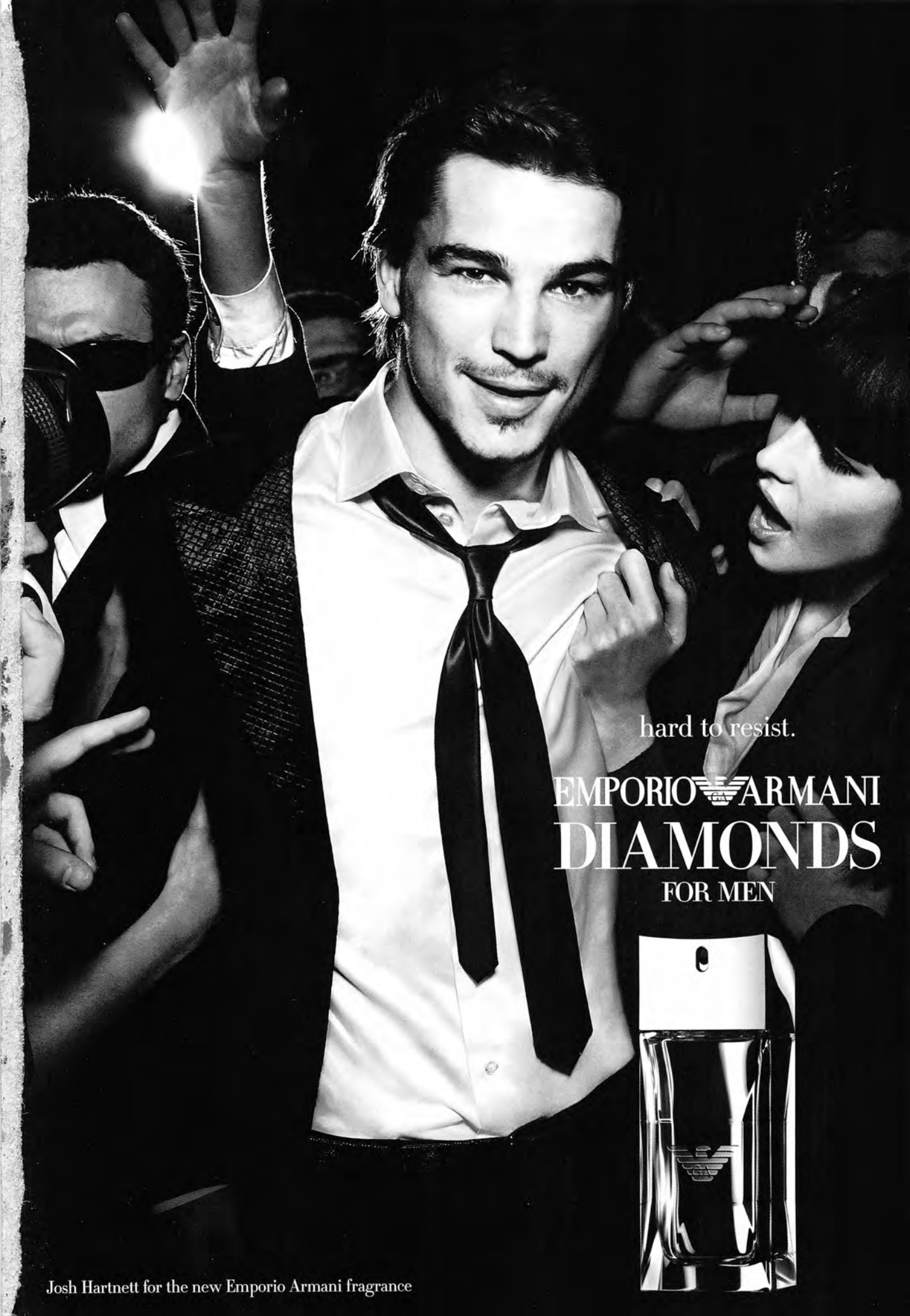
Judd Apatow directs—for the first time since Knocked Up—what he describes as a "hilarious drama." Seth Rogen and Jonah Hill are on board, as are Team Apatow's newest members, Adam Sandler and...Eric Bana?



Porsche Panamera

Here's the first Porsche we aren't excited about. Have we been huffing paint cleaner? Well, yes, but that doesn't mean the Panamera's four-door design isn't boring. No one wants his Porsche mistaken for a Taurus.





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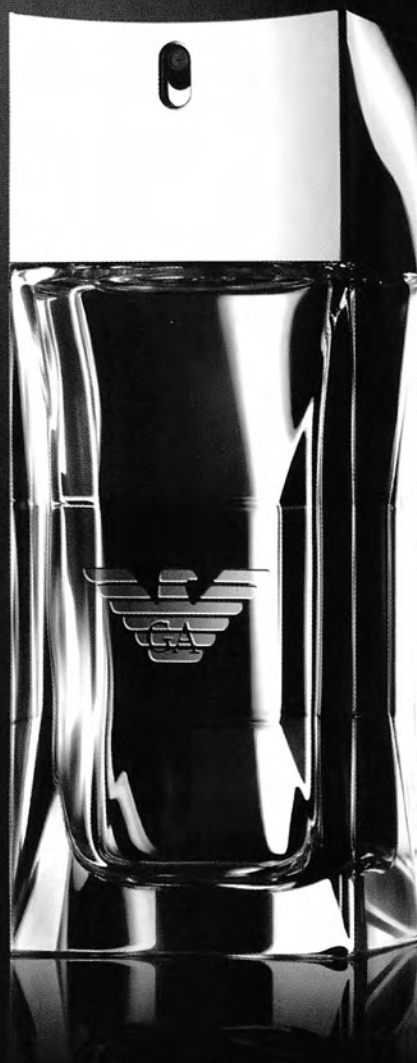


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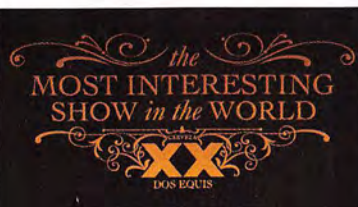
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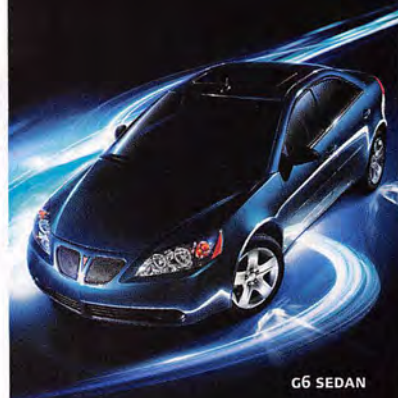
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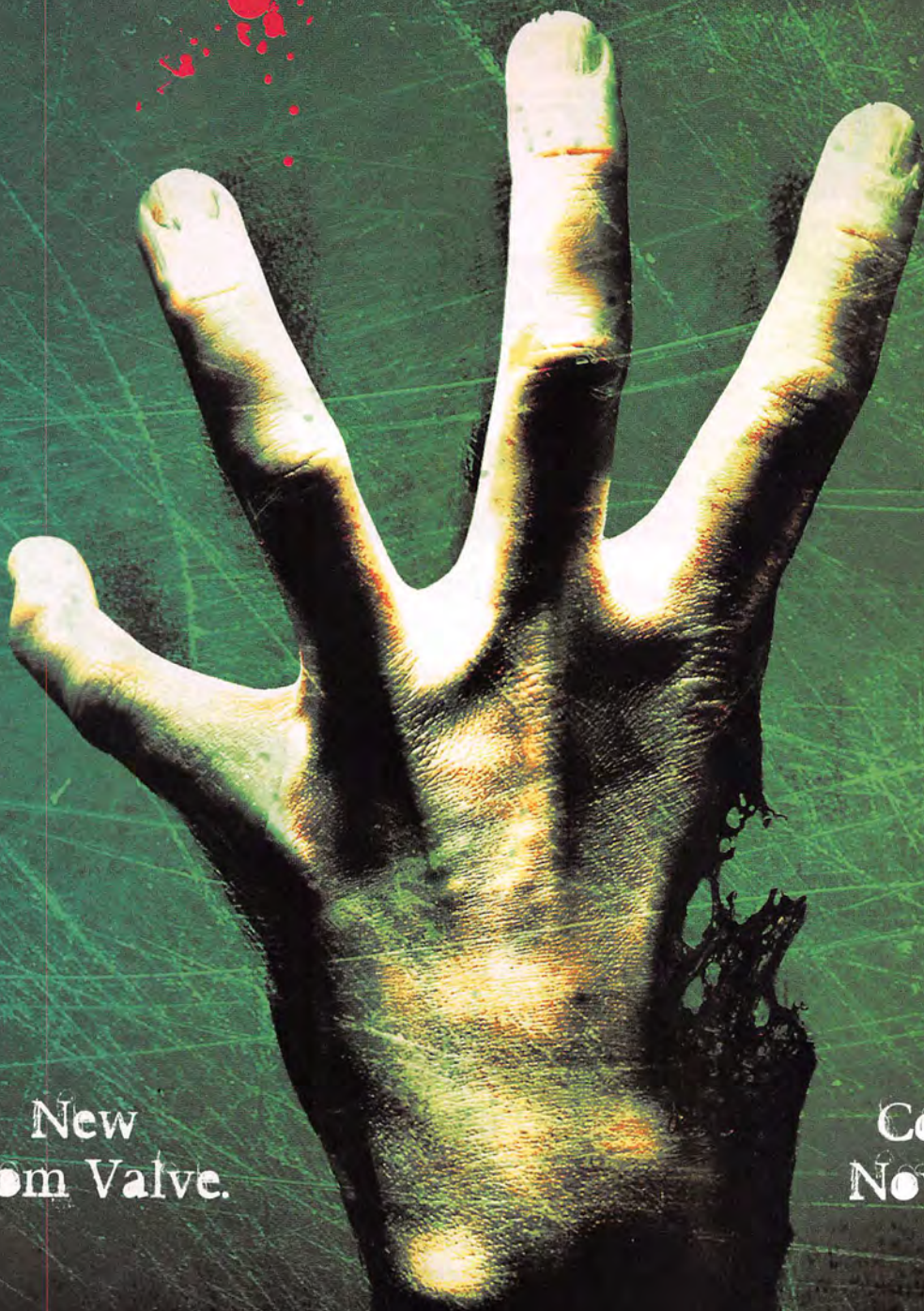


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The A5's controls were designed to mimic a luxury car's, so they're intuitive enough for even boneheaded L.A. actors. It also supports MP3 players, so you can blast "Wind Beneath My Wings" all the way to Vegas.

HIGH TIMES

The only thing keeping you out of the skies in this foldup airplane? \$139,000. And fear.

► Tired of the stale cookies in first-class? Then pilot your own damn plane—the Icon A5, an amphibious light sport aircraft that you can park in the garage thanks to its folding wings. The carbon-fiber airframe on this little two-seater is lighter than aluminum and stronger, too, which you'll appreciate when you plow through a flock of geese. The 100

hp engine tops out at around 120 mph and will haul you and a passenger up to 10,000 feet and as far as 350 miles on one tank. When you're ready to land, you can put her down on solid ground or water. All that's left to do is fold it up and tow it home...and while away the wee hours making entries in your cloud diary. That one looked just like a puppy!—Stan Horacek

BAND IN A BEDROOM

Grab this new digital music making gear and lay down hot tracks in your crib. Up yours, Abbey Road!

1 The Drum Kit

Yep, this looks like your set from *Rock Band*. But mastering these may actually help you get girls. The **Roland HD-1** is a ridiculously cool, compact digital drum kit that allows you to choose from 10 different setups. A mixable external input (plug your iPod in) will allow you to play along with 1998's greatest hits, forever. \$999, rolandus.com

2 The Keyboard

The supersmall **M-Audio Axiom 25** USB-interfacing MIDI controller may look like a mini-me keyboard, but it's got semiweighted keys, trigger pads, and assignable knobs usually found on big-boy sequencers. A compact footprint makes it great for desktops, and the lightweight body is more road-ready than your van. \$240, m-audio.com

3 The Mixer

The **Sony Xross Fade** miniaturizes a superclub DJ booth and sets it up in your sitting room. It's got a built-in two-channel mixer, cross-fader, and monitor queue that enables clean DJ-style mixing off of two iPods. It supports turntable computer playback via USB, so you can mix your new track into the playlist and see if your jam can hang with Nelly's. \$500, sonystyle.com

4 The Headphones

You may think you're recording the club banger of all time, but that doesn't mean your neighbors agree. Clamp on the noise-canceling **Beats by Dr. Dre** headphones and get big sound without getting evicted. Dre himself patterned their sound after the tight, bass-heavy mix he likes to smoke spliffs to in the studio. \$350, beatsbydre.com

5 The Guitar

Inside the metallic platinum **First Act VE591** guitar beats the heart of the home recorder. A built-in preamp allows you to plug directly into a home stereo, computer console, or mixing board. Flick a switch and this basswood solid-body can plug into any amp in any VFW hall or state fair that'll hire you. \$300, firstact.com

6 The Mic

The **Samson G-Track** desktop mic records vocals and a guitar simultaneously via a line-in. All you need is a laptop and a dream to be the next YouTube singing star. And a prettier face. \$149, samsontech.com—Mike Errico

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SLASHER PICKS

Relatives have you on edge? Unleash metal mayhem at your Turkey Day table with one of these four electric knives. But which one is the killer carver?



1 BARGAIN BEAST Black & Decker EK700 Slice Right, \$15

Lowdown: It may not look heavy-duty, but the brand name gave us high hopes. **Bird buzz:** The Slice Right ripped our bird rather than slicing it, leaving us cuts of meat with jagged ridges. So we made our guests eat with their hands. Primal! **Cran jam:** Bouncing back from its turkey trouble, this blade showed its brawn, cleaving the lid of our canned cranberries in just 70 seconds.

Tree trim: Need to get that unwieldy tree in shape? Our maniacal tester sawed through the trunk in 15 minutes, cackling the whole time.

Verdict: "Looking for an electric knife for carving everything but a turkey? This could be your weapon," said our tester.

RATING ●●●○○

2 GRAND MASTER SLASH Cuisinart CEK-40, \$50 Lowdown: This black knight features two blades (one for meat, one for bread) and a wood-block storage tray.

Bird buzz: The CEK produced perfect slices with minimal effort. "Now we're talking," said our tester. "This knife is a carver's delight." We handed him a job application to Boston Market.

Cran jam: The thing was made for metal-on-metal violence! Cutting through our can took just 65 seconds.

Tree trim: The knife whined and jammed, but after a rest it was able to suck it up and saw through the trunk.

Verdict: Righteous! When women are oohing and aahing at the way you plow a piece of poultry, you know you've got a top-shelf blade.

RATING ●●●●●

3 FISH KILLER Rapala Deluxe Cordless Fillet Knife Set, \$90

Lowdown: Intended for filleting fish afield, the Rapala boasts two battery packs and a portable cutting board. **Bird buzz:** This blade smoothly severed a leg joint before diving into breast meat with similar aplomb. Stop laughing.

Cran jam: Oh, boy! During the 2.5-minute procedure, the knife got superhot and produced a machine smell "complementary to the cranberry," said our tester.

Tree trim: Weak. Thanks to repeated stalls, progress was slow—the Rapala hardly made a dent in the tree trunk.

Verdict: Bring this fish knife to your Thanksgiving table and impress your dude friends with its loudness and looks. Just don't try felling a tree with it.

RATING ●●●●●

4 DULL MOMENTS Oster 2803 Inspire Electric Knife, \$23

Lowdown: This lightweight unit comes with a handy carving fork.

Bird buzz: Oster's entry struggled to cut through the leg joint and gave our tester a sore arm and a bad whine. "It requires too much effort," he noted. "Which is ironic. The point is to remove effort."

Cran jam: With a lot of pressure—and sweat—from our tester, this blade got superhot before cutting through the can in two minutes and 50 seconds.

Tree trim: The Oster got about a fifth of the way through the three-inch-diameter trunk before it gave up and died.

Verdict: It's called the Inspire, but we couldn't find anything too inspiring about it.

RATING ●●○○○

OUR SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Bird buzz

Each knife undertook the task it was designed for: slicing the flesh off a dead turkey.

Cran jam

We used the blades of fury to de-lid cans of that ol' Pilgrim favorite, cranberry jelly.

Tree trim

We gave each knife a shot at sawing through the trunk of a Christmas tree. Then we trimmed it.





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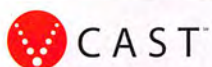
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Build a Better Trap

There are a million ways to approach a girl. But only a handful work.

Since the dawn of time, men have been trying to figure out how to get chicks into bed. In the Paleolithic era, assaulting a sexy hominid with a club and dragging her into your cave worked like a charm. But then evolution brought about pesky things like language, pants, and plenty of male competition, forcing guys to refine their tactics.

So what pickup gimmicks have men invented over the years? Carrying girls' books home from school, asking them to the sock hop, lying; writing them love poems, buying them flowers, lying; fixing their flat tires, poking them on Facebook...lying. Yet nothing seems to be 100 percent foolproof. (Especially lying.)

Enter the modern pickup artist. Ever since the bestseller *The Game* depicted a bizarre but supposedly successful society of "PUAs" (pickup artists) a few years ago—one of whom now coaches dateless geeks via his own show on VH1—men have been following all their sketchy, seemingly counterintuitive advice to the letter. But the result is a population of misguided and increasingly desperate guys strik-

ing out more spectacularly than ever. So do any of these new classic pickup tips actually work, or are they all guaranteed to bomb? To help you sort through all the conflicting information, I asked 20 women to weigh in. Their breakdowns will help you get *real* game—and get laid.

Ploy No. 1: Give Her a "Neg"

The most famous tactic from *The Game*, a "neg" is a "seemingly accidental insult delivered to a beautiful woman to demonstrate a lack of interest in her." An example: "Your hair is pretty. Are you a natural blonde?" The purported objective of a neg is to approach a hot girl who's accustomed to getting compliments and nudge her self-confidence into the base-

ment through subtle criticism—to the point where she'll even concede to sleeping with you (or at least giving you her number) for validation. Charming!

Gamers, beware: Every woman I spoke to despises this trick. "If a guy gave me a backhanded compliment like that, I'd tell him to fuck off," says Tori, a 28-year-old stylist. Alix, a 27-year-old bartender, described her firsthand experience with a neg. "A customer told me his favorite movie, and I said, 'Oh, I love that one, too!'" she says. "Then this other guy who was waiting to order said, 'That's pretty lame. Don't you have any opinions of your own?' He thought he was flirting. I thought he was just being an asshole."

Simple as it may seem, most women agree that genuine flattery (without the jibe at the end) is the quickest way into our shorts. Just skip the clichés and focus on the details. Jalisa, a 31-year-old real estate broker, was impressed recently when a guy commented on a feature that often goes unnoticed. "I was wearing a strapless top, and I caught his eyes drifting to my shoulders while we talked," she says. "Finally he said, 'I'm sorry for staring, but you've got such a beautiful collarbone.' He reached out to touch it, sweeping my hair back while he did it, and my knees almost buckled. I knew that second I was sleeping with him that night." Make us feel interesting and sexy and we'll reward you. Tell us our pants are a little snug and you're going home alone, Spanky.

X Verdict: Except for emotionally crippled broken wings, women don't respond well to being insulted.

Ploy No. 2: Have a Routine

PUAs are former outcasts who need crutches in social situations. That's why they advocate approaching women with "prepared material"—a joke, a quiz, even a magic trick. Um...yeah. If we wanted to see magic, we'd be home watching reruns of *Criss Angel Mindfreak*, not sitting in a bar with friends, having a life. In fact, anything that feels that rehearsed is likely to flop. "I had a guy come up to me recently and say, 'Pick a number between one and 10,'" says Zoe, a 28-year-old set designer. "I told him, 'Zero—which represents the number of seconds more I'll be playing this game,' and I walked away."

Telling a joke is just as risky. Most stick-fests are juvenile or just plain bad, and plenty walk the line of good taste. Humor can work, however—when it's spontaneous. "I was at a crowded bar when a guy turned to me and said, 'Who do I have to show my tits to to get a beer around here?'" says Lisa, a 31-year-old attorney. "I started laughing and said, 'You show yours, I'll show mine—we'll see who gets served' ➤

“
**I KNEW THAT SECOND
I WAS SLEEPING WITH
HIM THAT NIGHT.**
”

faster.' The conversation was sexual right off the bat. I had my hands down his pants in the bar bathroom by the end of the night."

X Verdict: Maybe you can hold our attention by levitating for a second, David Blaine, but it doesn't mean we want to screw.

Ploy No. 3: Disarm Your Competition

Attractive women are almost always being hit on by someone. An intimidated guy will get scared off by the rival and seek out a different object of affection. But followers of the Game see this as an opportunity to assert themselves. They call it AMOGing (the verb form of the acronym "alpha male of the group") or outalphasing: "to remove a potential male competitor through physical, verbal, or psychological tactics." Basically, that means pushing your way into their conversation and showing you're smarter and funnier than the other guy.

Now, if the guy in question is the woman's boyfriend, you could be in for a fight. But if you see a sexy girl being hit on by someone she's clearly not interested in (her eyes are darting around the room; she's maintaining a physical distance), step in. Jodie, a 28-year-old architect, had been comered for 10 minutes with "a monotoned loser" when a stranger swooped in pretending to be her boyfriend. "He said, 'Honey, what'd I tell you about not charming the pants off the whole bar while I was gone?' I played right along by throwing my arms around him—and when we looked at each other we just spontaneously kissed. It was so hot that as the first guy slunk away I pulled my 'boyfriend' outside for a make-out session."

✓ Verdict: Every girl loves to have men fighting over her. And if you rescue her from some tool's story about his high school's math Olympics, you'll be her hero.

Ploy No. 4: Call Right Away

You've heard for years that you should wait at least two days before calling a woman to ask her out—otherwise you'll look like a desperate loser, right? Not according to practitioners of the Game. When too much time lapses between securing a girl's number and calling her, they call it going "stale." They assume the girl has lost interest by then—and they're right.

While it's true you shouldn't call at 9 A.M. the following day to see if she's free for brunch, you can't wait too long or she's going to write you off. Sometimes you can even contact her right away, as long as you keep things light and flirty. Maggie, a 27-year-old author, said she once slept with a guy the first night she talked to him, because he texted her when they were both on their way home. "He wrote, 'Can't wait till tomorrow. Turn around?' I wrote back that I was almost at my apartment, but he could come by for a nightcap. I never bothered offering him that drink—as soon as he walked in the door, I started tearing his clothes off."

Closing Time

Real girls reveal what got them from the bar to the bed.

"I spent all night talking to this guy in a bar. After he walked me home, we started kissing in my building's vestibule, and he said, 'I'm amazing at oral sex.' I thought, Yeah, right...until he pulled up my skirt and started doing it. He made me come right there."

Annabelle, 27

"One guy got me into bed by telling me his friends all thought I was hot. I was like, 'What about you? Don't I make you even a little hard?' Evidently, I did—we had sex that night for four hours straight."

Kate, 26

"After having way too much to drink on a blind date, I confessed my love for Elvis. When we got back to my date's place, he picked up a guitar and began to serenade me with 'Suspicious Minds.' I tossed my thigh at him, and we got down to it."

Julie, 24

"I met a guy at a bar in New York who was putting the hard press on me to go home with him. I was luke-warm...until he told me he had a six-bedroom apartment in the Dakota—you know, where John Lennon used to live? The sex was OK, but I nearly orgasmed at the view of Central Park!"

Kristin, 24



"When can I see that island you own?"

✓ Verdict: Women aren't put off by being wanted. If you like her, call her.

Ploy No. 5: Dress Like a Cock

In the PUA world, "peacocking" means wearing something flashy in order to stand out from the rest of the herd. The term was coined by "Mystery," the MPUA (or "master pickup artist") who hosts *The Pickup Artist* on VH1; decorated in eyeliner, black nail polish, and furry top-hats with goggles strapped over them. He insists that all his protégés radically alter their style in this way, advising them to accessorize with things like feather boas. But the message I got from women was clear: Do not do this.

"Guys should just stick with what they like," says Jeri-Ann, a 25-year-old teacher. "You'll look like a total dipshit if you throw on a velvet vest and choker with your old Dockers." Jill, 30, a clothing designer, recalls hitting it off with a "conservative preppy dude" at a party. "But when we met up the next night he was wearing a tight-fitting vintage T-shirt and had his hair all greasy and mussed up. He looked uncomfortable and frankly a little bizarre," she says.

X Verdict: Do not take fashion advice from a guy in six-inch platform boots, no matter how much he claims to get laid.

Ploy No. 6: Hit on Her Friend

According to skilled PUAs, every pair of women you encounter can be broken down into a "target" (the girl you like) and a "pivot" (the girl you use to make the target jealous). The idea is, when you approach the pivot, the girl you want immediately wonders why you're not interested in her—and does whatever she can to get your attention.

Most women say this tactic fails on two levels: one, it's extremely slimy; two, women are sensitive to the fact that our friends need

to get laid, too. You know the old adage "Bros before hos"? Most of us have that same solidarity thing going on with our girls. If we suspect you like her, we'll simply move on to someone else. Also, bear in mind that no girl ever wants to feel like she was a second choice. "I had a guy try that once," says Sasha, a 28-year-old dance instructor. "He was all over my friend, but when she went to the bathroom, he said he thought I was cuter. I poured my drink on his crotch."

X Verdict: This trick puts you in the unique position of potentially pissing off two girls instead of just one—whoopee!

Ploy No. 7: Make Her Work for It

Women love to be challenged. If you offer us the opportunity to show off a quality that goes beyond looks, we'll definitely be intrigued. For pickup artists, this usually translates to inviting a woman to play some kind of conversational game, a rapid-fire series of questions and answers. But it's just as effective to challenge her to a more physical contest.

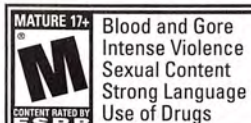
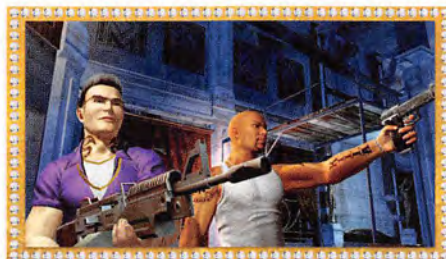
"I can't say no if a guy asks me to play pool, Buck Hunter, darts...even flip-cup or any other kind of drinking game," says Mary, a 27-year-old pastry chef. "I'll immediately want to prove I can kick his ass." And it never hurts to up the ante. "At a party recently, I took on this guy at quarters," says Kirstin, a 22-year-old student. "After a few rounds he said we should make it 'strip quarters.' Ten minutes later we were sitting across from each other shirtless and pantsless—we had to take the game upstairs to his room before it got indecent."

✓ Verdict: No girl wants to be considered boring or weak. Dare her to beat you at something and she'll take you on. And if you get rejected, don't take it personally. Remember: We almost never hate the player; we just kind of hate the Game.



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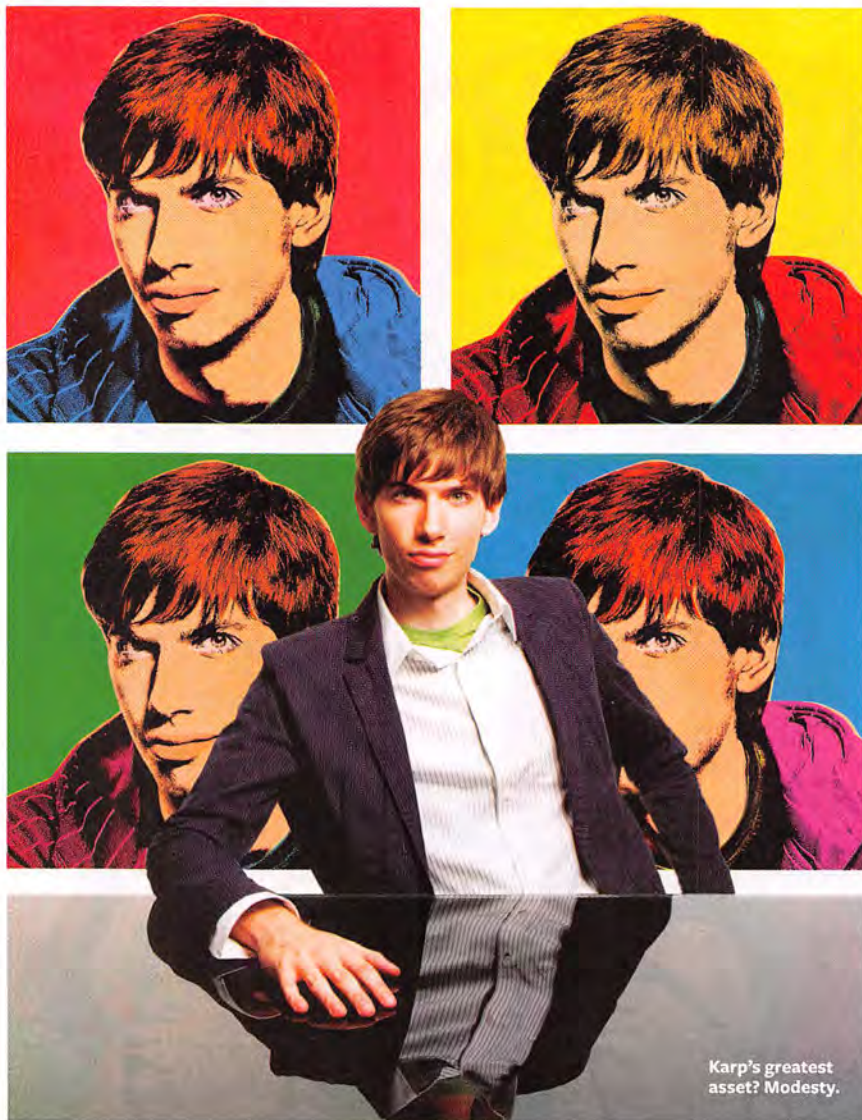
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Barely Legal Blogfather

The Internet's youngest high roller, David Karp, can now buy drinks.

David Karp knows it's not easy being the Web's next big thing. As the creator of Tumblr, the hottest blogging platform on the Internet, Karp has board meetings to attend, software bugs to fix, millions of dollars to manage. But for this Web wunderkind who launched his career at 12 and recently turned 22, the hardest part was hiding—or lying about—his age.

"I didn't want people knowing I was a teen-

ager, because I didn't want to be sending the wrong impression," he recalls one morning over an iced coffee at the Starbucks near his Manhattan office. Lanky and rail thin, the motor-mouthed Karp has a shock of shaggy dark hair and disconcertingly bright blue eyes. "Not being able to drink was the most depressing thing ever. Everyone in the office went to a bar one day and I was, like, 'Oh, shit, I'm totally fucked.' I had to duck out and pretend that it was an emergency."

Today, orange-and-blue striped hoodie notwithstanding, Karp is all grown up, and represents the next generation online—the geek-chic star of New York City's glitzy new-media scene. In January, *The New York Post* dubbed Karp "the Internet's boy wonder."

In digerati-speak, Karp is the peach-fuzzed face of Web 2.0, a generation of precocious entrepreneurs who have grown up with the Internet and are forging a new paradigm based on community and social networking. From Facebook to Flickr, the newest crop of online sensations isn't about commerce, like Amazon and eBay, or content, like Yahoo and Google, but about interconnectivity and creativity, and no site better combines these functions than Tumblr. And unlike the old generation's get-rich-quick-and-cash-out mentality, Karp has long-term ambitions: "I want to make something that resonates with regular people."

What Karp has done with Tumblr is build a better mousetrap, improving upon traditional blogging platforms like WordPress and Blogger in much the same way Facebook improved on MySpace and Friendster. Founded in 2007, Tumblr is still small potatoes in the grand scheme of things. Its 400,000-user base pales in comparison to the 80 million members of Facebook, but Tumblr's numbers are growing by 15 percent a month, and users praise the site's elegant interface and ease of use with evangelical fervor. "Most people don't have the wherewithal to hammer out a 30-minute blog post every night," says Karp. "They just want to brag about what they're doing and who they're hanging out with and have an identity online."

Karp's own online identity was formed in the early days of the Web. Growing up a child prodigy in New York City, Karp was coding programs on his musician dad's Apple by the time he hit double digits. When AOL gained steam, 11-year-old Karp was killing time after school in the early chat rooms. "There was a lot of private gossip going on in instant messages," Karp recalls. "Those were the best times I ever had on the Web. I felt so connected." That sense of community would come to define Karp's sense of the Internet and its potential.

At age 11, Karp read *HTML for Dummies*, and before long he was building sites for local businesses the way other kids might mow neighbors' lawns. "I would run around the neighborhood building little storefront Web sites," he recalls. But as more clients and real money came his way, Karp—fearing that no one would employ a prepubescent designer—began his decade-long scheme of covering his tracks.

"I tried to deepen my voice on the phone, but I'd still get mistaken for a girl," he says. Still, he did well enough to impress his parents, ➤

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convincing them that maybe their son's tech savvy was more than just a hobby. In what's become the dot-com default Cinderella story, Karp was a boy genius too restless for school. With the blessing of his parents, he dropped out of the elite Bronx Science High School at 15 to pursue his career full-time at Davidville, his company. The more business came his way, the more elaborate his cover-up. "People would ask, 'What's your story?'" he recalls. "But I bumped up my age by three years and built enough of a reputation to pass it off."

At 17, Karp used the money he'd saved and decamped for Tokyo, the ultimate geek's wonderland. He'd wander the city, explore the cuisine, and go on dates with local girls. Not that life was all easy: The apartment he found didn't allow minors, and after he was arrested for trash-picking an unlicensed bicycle, the cops were less than understanding when he told them he was an 18-year-old exec. "They didn't believe me," he says. "They took a mug shot and misspelled my name: David Krap."

Back in the States after his five-month adventure, Karp began surfing around a growing collection of streamlined blogs called tumblelogs. The sites "really stole my heart," Karp says. "I fell in love with the form and decided this is what I wanted for my online identity."

By 2006, Karp was tinkering around with a tumblelog platform of his own—tweaking the interface and functionality to make it more user-friendly. He found a like-minded coder named Marco Arment and, on February 19, 2007, launched Tumblr with an unassuming post. "We're certain [Tumblr] will be a fabulous alternative to the 95 percent of Web users who don't care to maintain a blog," Karp wrote. "Yeah, it's still a blog. But it's a new philosophy. It's free of noise, requirements, and commitments. And it's finally here." Tumblr's appeal is how painless and brainless it makes sharing yourself and your interests. You sign up for free and have your tumblelog page up and running in seconds. As Karp describes it, while a tradi-



Left: Tumblr's offices. Below: Karp employs a new high-tech gadget called a "mouse."



tional blog is basically an online diary, a tumblelog is a scrapbook, a repository for the cool junk you find on the Web: videos, links, quotes, pictures. But it's the sense of community and interconnectivity that distinguishes Tumblr. Karp disses potential competitors for not giving people enough ease and control. "At the end of the day, there's nothing meaningful on a profile page on Facebook," he says. "If you look at mine, it's just photos of me that other people have taken at parties, and I hate parties. So it's just me looking dumb and miserable."

Word on Tumblr spread fast, and Karp became an object of gratitude—and envy. "Damn you guys for not only making what I myself wanted to make, but for getting it absolutely right," posted one admirer. Soon venture capitalists were swooping down with fat wads of cash. Despite \$1.5 million in investments, Karp has so far resisted these entreaties, preferring to maintain control of his baby. "Geeks are the new jocks, and David is a quintessential geek," says Brad Burnham, an investor from Union Square Ventures in New York. "He also has an uncanny knack for creating systems that invite a meaningful social exchange."

"Everyone thought, *Shit, blogging should be*

easier," says Web pundit Nate Westheimer. "David recognized that people who weren't blogging still wanted to express themselves."

Today Karp works at a big, clean black desk with a three-foot Apple monitor in the corner of a bustling loft decorated with popart and rock posters. He shares the space with two full-time employees and various freelancers, as well as his mentor, Fred Seibert, an MTV vet who took Karp under his wing seven years ago. Seibert says Karp has taken advantage of his age: "Like a lot of young folks who have passion and motivation, David started early and didn't know what was in his way."

Though Tumblr has been valued in the seven digits and Davidville continues to rake in millions in revenue, Karp is less interested in the spoils of success than in growing his brainchild. He works long hours, lives in a small apartment, and runs with a tight group of New York techies, indulging his twin passions for karaoke and Big Apple restaurants.

Despite his laid-back air and the organic way he's grown the site so far, Karp has big plans for the future. "How does Tumblr go from a cool thing for Webheads to something that 30 million people are using religiously?" he asks. The latest step for the site, which has yet to earn money, is a new premium subscription service—for \$5 a month, members get added tools to help automate uploads and manage their visitors' submissions.

"Nothing can stop a great product," notes Internet baron Jason Calacanis. "And Tumblr is a great product."

With all the attention, Karp is no longer afraid to own up to his age. "To talk to media companies who are excited because you're the youngest guy in the room, that's cool," he says. Plus, now he can buy drinks. "I'm mostly just excited not to have to worry about going out with my friends and coworkers anymore." ●

Young Guns

Meet five more young visionaries changing the face of the Net.

Mark Zuckerberg • 24
Facebook founder
The world's youngest self-made billionaire, Harvard dropout Zuckerberg is the CEO of Facebook, the fifth most trafficked site in the U.S. Excuse us as we update our "status" to "full of murderous jealous rage."

Blake Ross • 23
Firefox cofounder
When Ross was 19, his browser, Firefox, hit the Net. And in June 2008, with Ross at a geriatric 23, the latest edition broke the world record for the largest number of software downloads in one day with 8,002,530.

Matt Mullenweg • 24
WordPress founder
A friend to angst-ridden emo teens the world over, Mullenweg created the ubiquitous blogging tool WordPress in 2003 at the tender age of 19. Not too shabby for a dude who majored in jazz saxophone in high school.

Dwight Lee • 25
TableXchange CTO
A Web stock market for table reservations, TableXchange allows users to buy and sell seats at some of America's most exclusive restaurants. Lee, the cofounder, has seen his site's Web traffic double in the past year.

Mike Hudack • 25
Blip.tv cofounder
Hudack is the man behind the first viable online "television network," Blip.tv. The site airs everything from sitcoms to dramas and splits all proceeds with show creators, like some beautiful Web communist paradise.



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The world's most uninspired skywriters

Flight to the Death

In the sport of air racing, the grand prize is being able to walk away with your life.

Hurling 140 miles per hour upside down above the Arizona desert, a cactus zipping past my head, I realize I should never have gotten on this airplane. The pilot, a 49-year-old Texan named Kirby Chambliss, handed me a parachute before we boarded: bad omen number one. He said with a laugh that I wouldn't be needing it. But as he revved the engine of this cramped, 1,200-pound carbon-fiber plane at the top of his private runway, he clarified: The parachute wouldn't do me any good because he liked to fly three feet off the ground. I'd never make it out alive if I jumped.

Chambliss is an elite competitive air race pilot, a pioneer in a sport for people with a death wish. Think *The Fast and the Furious*, except instead of burning rubber and peeling around streetlights, pilots rocket just above the ground at speeds of up to 230 mph and careen through 65-foot-high inflated nylon cones. Sound lethal? It is: At the 2007 Reno National Championship Air Races, an annual amateur event, three pilots died in crashes, and another died in a practice flight there this year. Statistically, air racing is likely one of the deadliest sports ever invented.

In the Red Bull Air Race World Series, pilots like Chambliss navigate the obstacle course one by one, racing against the clock. (At the Reno races, planes speed through the course in packs of eight or six, allowing them to easily collide—and dramatically increasing the risk of fatalities.) Course layouts vary by location, but they usually cover a

three- to four-mile “track” marked by several pylon gates, which pilots must pass through at exact 90- or 180-degree angles, plus a slalom of additional cones. (Most pilots finish in little over a minute.) Made of a thin sail-like material, the pylons are designed to disintegrate on contact, but hitting one could be deadly, as it can still throw the plane dangerously off-balance. Even if a pilot survives, the collision will earn him a major time penalty: 10 seconds, a virtual disqualification.

The sport has existed in varying amateur forms since the early 1900s, with one-off races staged sporadically all over the world ever since. Back then pilots competed in boxy wooden biplanes, but competition fueled innovation. By 1933 biplanes had largely given way to the more aerodynamic monoplane and wood had changed to steel; today most racing planes, which can cost as much as \$300,000, are made of superlight-weight carbon fiber.

Despite air racing's long history, it wasn't until 2005 that Red Bull gave Chambliss and his kamikaze brethren the opportunity to become full-time professionals. In three years the company has created an international circuit traditionally consisting of 10 closed-course races, each taking place in a different city over a period of eight months between April and November. The series champion is determined via performance-based point totals accumulated over the season (Chambliss is second in the overall standings heading into the final race in Perth, Australia on November 2).



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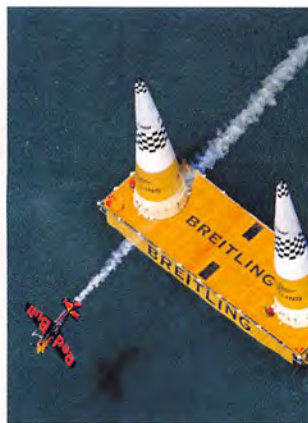


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Separation

SPORTS



Clockwise from bottom left: Red Bull pilot Kirby Chambliss; a fatal crash at last year's Reno air race; Chambliss crosses the finish line in Detroit last June.

Thanks to the skill and daring of the circuit's 12 elite pilots, an international roster of mostly forty- and fiftysomething daredevils who've won numerous aerobatic competitions in their respective countries (meaning they're masters of rolls, dives, and other stunts), the sport has taken off. Though initially more of a draw overseas, air racing has recently struck a chord with American fans: This year's race in San Diego saw 120,000 spectators, while 750,000 people attended the June race in Detroit.

But those sunny stats belie air racing's frightening reality. Over the Reno race's 45-year history alone, 19 pilots have died. And while no one has been killed yet on Red Bull's pro circuit, some pilots suggest it's just a matter of time.

TWO MONTHS LATER I SEE CHAMBLISS AT WORK IN SAN DIEGO, the first U.S. stop of the 2008 series. He bolts out of the sky above the harbor and roars past masses of awestruck spectators, pushing himself to the limit in a 10 G turn. F-16s max out at 9 Gs, and most humans black out at six. Chambliss' face puckers as he tries to stay conscious, but he survives, qualifying for the next round. The crowd aahs.

Along the shore spectators throw back beers and gawk at the spectacle of a plane buzzing past them at 230 mph, looking as if it's about to shear their heads off their shoulders. Beside me is a group of car racing fans in their 20s who drove as much as four hours to attend their first air race. Says Logan Lopaz, a 25-year-old Porsche mechanic, "If I've got a choice between watching one horsepower or 340, I'll take 340."

"The things I do push the limits of what's possible," Chambliss says after landing. "But no one would watch if I was flying slow."

Chambliss' wife, Kellie, says her friends "think he's crazy." But she knows risk-taking is in her husband's blood: His father was a sky-diving instructor in Corpus Christi, Texas, and some of Chambliss' earliest memories are of huddling among parachutes at 10,000 feet. After earning his pilot's license at 18, he enrolled in an aerobatics class to improve his ability to handle engine failure. But from the first time he flipped a plane upside down, he knew he'd found his calling: "That first roll just blew open the possibilities of what I could do."

From a hangar across the taxiway, 41-year-old Austrian Hannes Arch eyes Chambliss. Arch is a top air racer and one of Chambliss' main rivals. Before joining the Red Bull series, Arch tested paragliders for a living. South African Glen Dell was a helicopter pilot in his country's air force, and British racer Nigel Lamb has been a Hollywood stunt pilot. For many of these guys, racing might actually be a less risky career choice. "The game we are playing is really dangerous," Arch says

in thickly accented English. When I ask him why he does it, his eyes flash. "We are flying for ego—to be the best."

They're certainly not flying for prize money: There isn't any. Red Bull pays its flyers a flat fee to subsidize their expenses—reportedly, about \$50,000 per race, including transport for their planes to locations as far away as the United Arab Emirates. But so as not to incentivize recklessness, there is no monetary award for a first-place finish. That, of course, doesn't keep the racers from becoming a bit obsessed with winning.

Another plane roars straight at the crowd, causing a collective jerk. At the last second the pilot banks hard to the right and enters the slalom. This is Chambliss' chief rival: Mike Mangold, a cantankerous 53-year-old from Cincinnati. For years Chambliss consistently beat Mangold in amateur aerobatics championships. Mangold now views the Red Bull series as an opportunity for retribution; last year he took the title from Chambliss (2006 champ) and has poured all his resources into his plane during the off-season in an attempt to repeat. His tinkering pays off; Mangold wins the race.

Making matters more challenging here in San Diego: All the pylons are floating on barges. That means even the slightest wave could shift one of the 46-foot-wide gates each pilot must thread. At the least, it forces the pilots to slow down; at most, it could kill them. That's partly why the flyers refer to this series as the most dangerous motorsport in the world. "In NASCAR you smash into a wall, most of the time you get out and throw your helmet at the ground," Chambliss says. "One mistake in an air race, you're dead."

The air racing community is all too aware of the risks—but the danger only seems to motivate them. Smokey Young, a former F-111 Air Force pilot, watched one of his closest friends die in a collision last year in Reno. But he was racing again when the competition resumed the following day. "I was born to do this," he says. "Racing is what we do. It's who we are."

Young explains that he briefly tried working as a commercial pilot after leaving the Air Force, but it left him unsatisfied. "Air racing allowed me to let my fangs out again," he says.

Chambliss, who flew Cessnas in the '80s for La Quinta hotel execs, agrees. The rush of racing has him hooked, even after a near-fatal crash during a 2001 exhibition over a river in Jilin, China. He hit the water at 170 mph, broke his ribs, and tore open his head. But he pulled himself out of the wrecked cockpit and was flying again a month later. Why? "It's like being on a roller coaster in the sky with no tracks." ●

Blood Sports

How many ways can athletes kill themselves?

1 BASE jumping



When hurling themselves out of a plane with a folded sheet wasn't exciting enough, someone decided to try jumping off buildings instead.
Deaths/year: 5

2 Boxing



Give two highly trained, blood-thirsty punching machines 12 three-minute chances to kill each other and, eventually, they will.
Deaths/year: 8

3 Whitewater rafting



"Hey, guys, that water looks pretty rough! And are those jagged rocks in there? So who wants to hop in this inner tube and see what happens?"
Deaths/year: 41

4 Skiing



To some, zipping down a tree- and ice-covered 45-degree slope at 80 miles per hour is the ultimate rush! To others, not so much.
Deaths/year: 37

anxiety.



WEAPON OF MASS SEDUCTION

From figure-four leg locks to Dancing With the Stars to acting on the tube, Stacy Keibler has all of Hollywood in a submission hold, and no one is looking to tap out.

BY CHRISTOPHER TENNANT PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

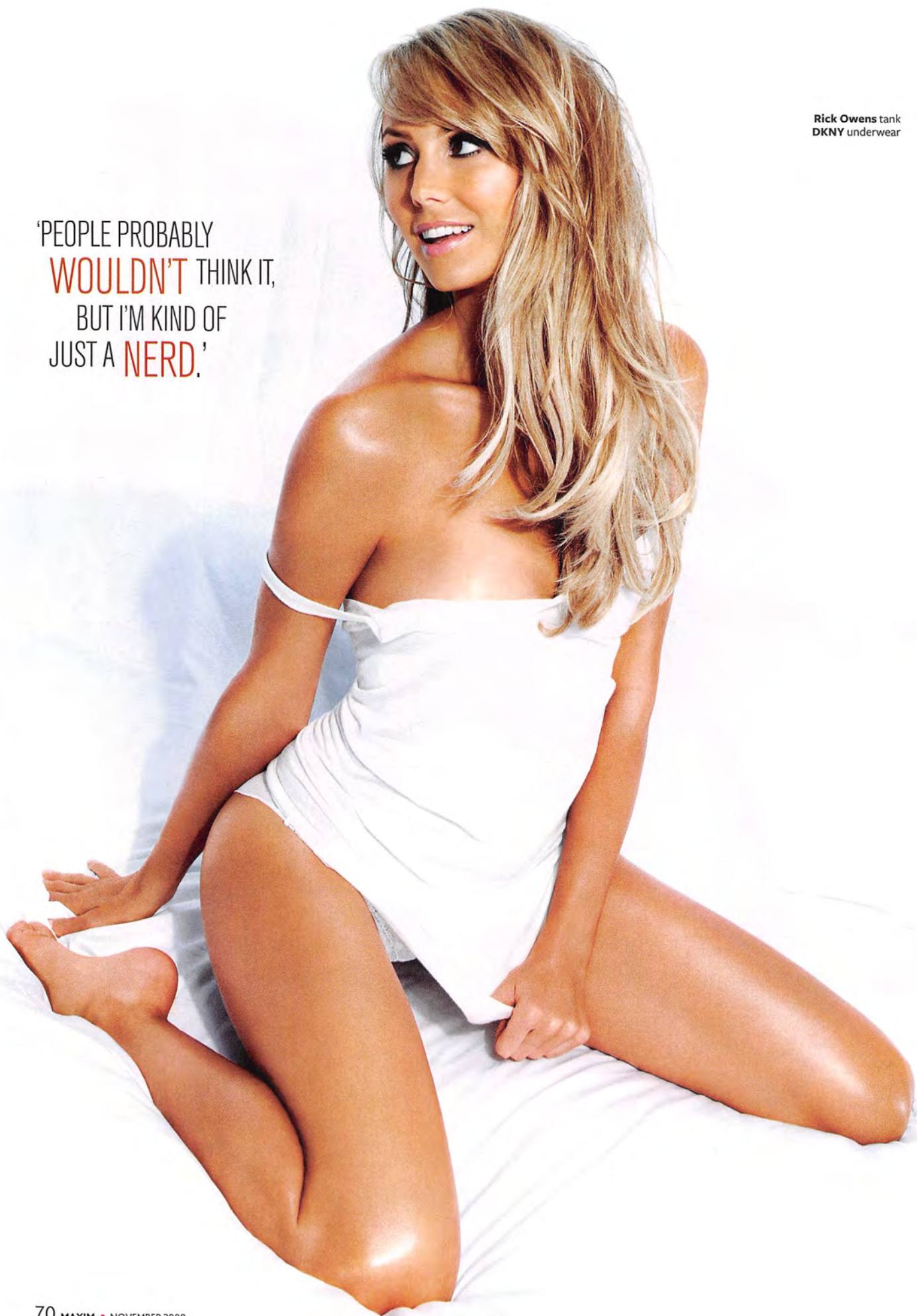




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IN HER FORMER LIFE AS A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, STACY KEIBLER HAD SEVERAL SIGNATURE moves: the Spinning Heel Kick, the Cartwheel Evasion, and the Hair-Pull Snapmare, to name a few. They proved indispensable in her role as magnet to the oh-so-discerning fan base who made up World Championship Wrestling and, later, the WWE. Wrestling had its moments, but young Stacy longed for more. She needed a new move. Little did she know it would be a samba.

Two years ago Keibler took her 42-inch stems to the set of *Dancing With the Stars*. Although the bookies favored her to win, she came in third. Not that it mattered much. The world wanted more. She landed roles on *What About Brian*, *George Lopez*, *October Road*, and sports-movie spoof *The Comebacks*. In the meantime, she's become one of the most searched-for women on the Internet.

Yes, this 5'11" seductive siren has gone legit. If you missed Stacy's recent turn as the badass rival to a Japanese princess on the ABC Family miniseries *Samurai Girl*, hit iTunes and get to the downloading. Up next? Stacy's in talks to appear alongside Harvey Keitel, Gretchen Mol, and Michael Imperioli on *Life on Mars*, one of the coolest shows hitting airwaves this fall. When you're done worshipping the following photos, be sure to set your TiVo.



HOW MANY GUYS TRYING TO HIT ON YOU ASK IF YOU'RE PART OF THE FABLED COOKIE DYNASTY?

People ask me that all the time, but I've never been asked that by a guy trying to hit on me.

BUT SERIOUSLY: WHAT WAS IT LIKE GROWING UP IN THAT TINY HOUSE?

A lot of bruises. I'm a little bit taller than the average elf.

DO YOU THINK SOME GUYS ARE INTIMIDATED BY YOUR HEIGHT?

I like to wear heels! But I'm pretty approachable. If a dude rolls up and starts talking to me, I usually talk back.

WHAT KIND OF GUYS DO YOU LIKE?

I like guys who can keep up with my crazy life and have their own stuff going on. More importantly, though, they need to make me laugh.

DO YOU FIND IT HARD TO MEET GUYS LIKE THAT IN HOLLYWOOD?

I've been lucky. I've been with the same boyfriend since I moved to L.A. I can't even imagine dating here. Everyone's way too concerned with themselves. When you're out to dinner or at a bar, nobody looks you in the eye, because they're too busy looking over your shoulder.

IF A MAXIM READER WANTED TO IMPRESS A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU, WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

First, leave the cheesy lines at home. Just being nice and going up to a girl and saying, "Hi," or, "I think you're beautiful," and then walking away is really charming. Those are the guys that I'm like, Wait! Come back! I wanna talk! The ones that are pulling crappy lines or trying to touch me, those are the guys I run away from.

WHO'S THE SLEAZIEST GUY YOU'VE MET IN L.A. SO FAR? FULL NAME PLEASE.

I'd say eight out of 10 guys in L.A. are sleazy, so it's unfair to single out just one. It's weird what money and power can do to a man.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL US TWICE, SISTER. HAVE YOU EVER HAD TO LAY THE SMACK DOWN?

Oh, yeah. As I said, I really don't like to be touched. I hate it when I'm out at a bar and guys feel like they can touch me or grab my butt. I've bitch-slapped more than a few guys for doing that.

HOW OFTEN DOES IT HAPPEN?

Not too often, but when it does, I snap. I turn into this complete monster.

YOUR SIGNATURE MOVE AS MISS HANCOCK IN

THE WCW WAS TO FLASH YOUR PANTIES. DOES IT CREEP YOU OUT THAT THERE'S A MARKET FOR YOUR GENTLY USED GARMENTS ON EBAY?

Not at all. I'm the one selling them! My fans have been asking for me to do it for years. I cleaned out my closets, and instead of just giving everything to the Salvation Army, I decided to sell them and give the money to charity. It's actually going really well.

HAS YOUR WRESTLING PAST BEEN A STUMBLING BLOCK CAREERWISE?

It's a double-edged sword. Some producers are like, "Awesome, she's got this amazing fan base." Others are like, "Um, yeah, but she's a wrestler." I feel like I've had to work twice as hard. But I knew it would be a challenge.

DID YOU EVER FEEL PRESSURE TO JUICE?

Oh, God, no! I would never, ever mess with that stuff. But I definitely did see an awful lot of it going around.

EVER CONSIDER A STINT IN POLITICS, À LA JESSE "THE BODY" VENTURA?

You'll never see me anywhere near politics.

WIKIPEDIA SAYS YOU HAD A 3.7 GPA IN COLLEGE.

Yeah, I had straight As. In high school I was in the National Honor Society. I was a little bookworm. And then one day I entered a dance contest and became a wrestler.

WHAT'S THE GREATEST MISCONCEPTION ABOUT STACY KEIBLER?

I'm much more of a fun-spirited person than a deep, dark, depressed person. I'm pretty goofy. I definitely don't take myself too seriously. People probably wouldn't think it, but I'm kind of just a nerd.

A NERD WHO HAPPENS TO HAVE HER LEGS INSURED. DO YOU HAVE TO TAKE EXTRA PRECAUTIONS, LIKE NOT WEARING HIGH HEELS OR KICKING GUYS IN THE NUTS?

Um, not that I know of, although I probably should check the policy.

Violent Femmes

Stacy Keibler is part of a rich tradition of girls who could knock us out with their looks or their fists.

Felice Herrig, MMA champ

The former star of the reality show *Fight Girls* is supercute but also knows how to kick your feet out of the back of your head. That's just one trick you learn in Chuck Norris' World Combat League.



Laila Ali, Boxer

Her mentor-father is a former three-time world heavyweight champion. One wrong look at the undefeated super middleweight and you'll be floating like a butterfly and bleeding from the kidney in no time.



Naomi Campbell, Raging supermodel

Between alleged Black-Berry beat-downs, maimed housekeepers, and assaults on cops, the psycho supermodel could be a UFC contender. Naomi, would it kill you to get in a girl fight on the catwalk?





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A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is peeking through a sheer, white fabric that she is holding up with her hands. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

'I LIKE GUYS WHO CAN
KEEP UP WITH
MY **CRAZY** LIFE.
THEY NEED TO
MAKE ME LAUGH.'

American Apparel
bodysuit

GET YOUR ISLAND ON™ AIRPORT LAYOVER

Your flight's been delayed due to a snowstorm and you just finished your book of crossword puzzles. Don't surrender to boredom and stress—make the most of the situation and turn the airport into an island fiesta.



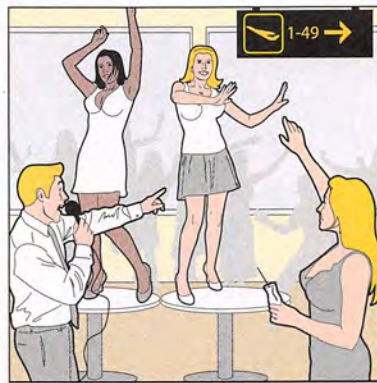
1 Upgrade your companions. Airline gave you a food-and-beverage voucher as "compensation" for the delay? Round up the hotties in the waiting room and invite them for a Malibu cocktail, courtesy of "your personal buddy, the airline CEO."



2 Hang ten. Listen for that earsplitting buzzing sound in baggage claim, then follow the weary passengers to the carousel. Surf from suitcase to suitcase, taking care to avoid the dangerous undertow of golf bags and strollers!



3 Jam out island-style. Hype up your "party" on the courtesy telephone. Trash cans = impromptu steel drum. Commandeer the hippie with the guitar (every airport has one) to accompany. Don't forget to pack your mallets!



4 Turn the lounge into a VIP club. Tip the bartender to let you emcee an impromptu tropical dance party. The best dancer gets an extra bag of snack mix!



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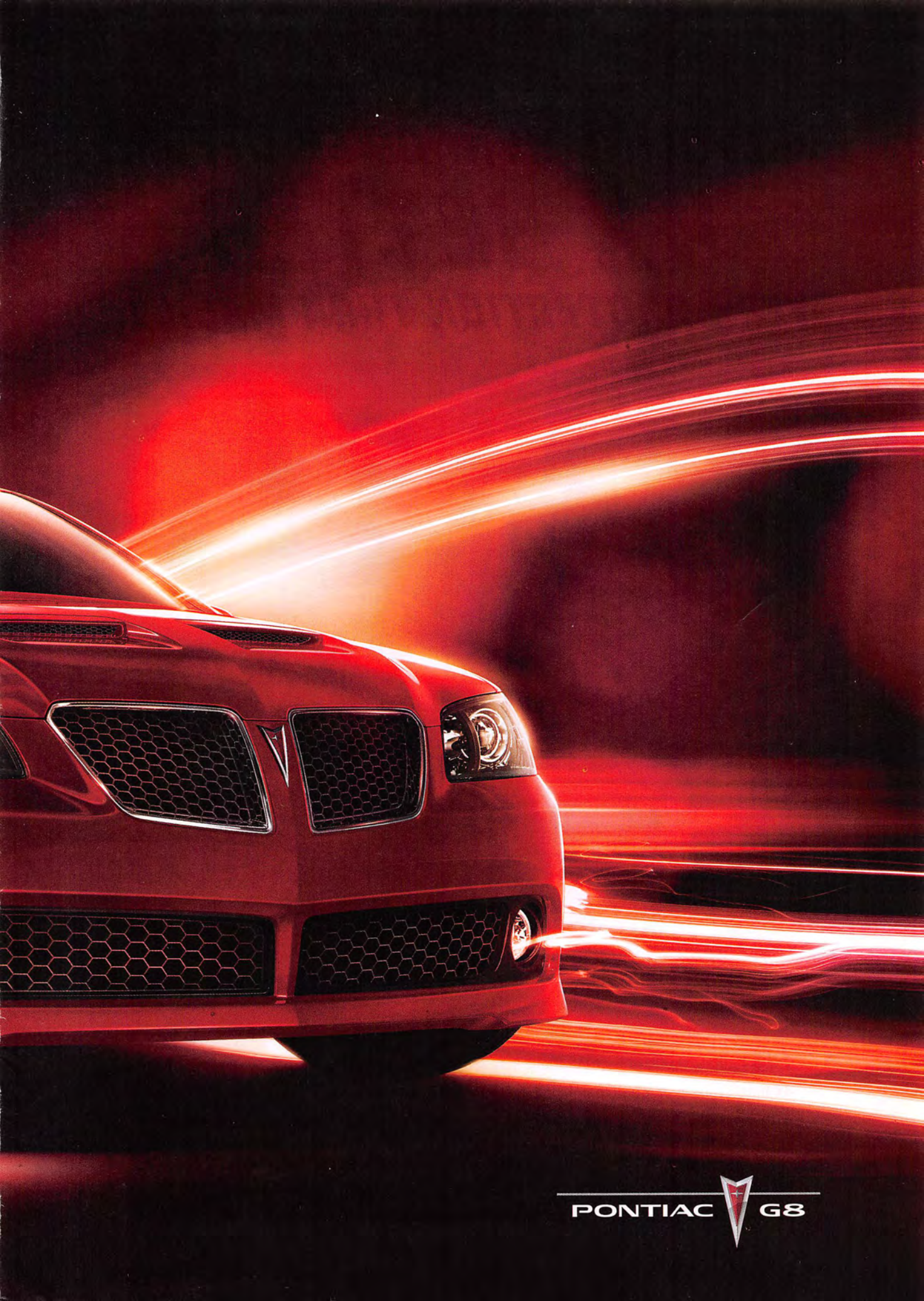
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PONTIAC  G8

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THE 2009 MAXIM RPM AWARDS

Attention, gearheads: We logged thousands of miles, torched dozens of brakes, triggered more than one "check engine" light, and collected two moving violations in our mission to bring you the definitive list of the year's best rides in the automotive universe. The following pages should fuel enough oil-slicked dreams to last a lifetime. Happy driving.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLAF HAUSCHULZ



■ Best Beast From the East

Nissan GT-R

I finally understand why gearheads call the most anticipated imported sports car of the year “Godzilla” when the GT-R’s true personality surfaces on a remote southern Vermont freeway on-ramp. The piece of concrete is desolate, straight, and steep enough to handle the GT-R’s gnarly “launch mode,” in which, after I flip a few switches, its twin-turbocharged V-6 revs to 4,500 rpm. I step off the brake, and the car erupts to 60 mph in just over three seconds. Godzilla likes. He lets out a throaty, bassy roar of approval accented with a high-pitched whir, a polyphonic machine noise that’s not unlike sitting wingside on a 737 as it climbs. Then I do it again. And again.

It’s not until my third or fourth on-ramp rally that I stop expecting the GT-R to flip out Transformer-style wings and thrust itself into the air mid-run. But thanks in part to a superstable all-wheel-drive setup, adjustable Bilstein shocks, and sticky nitrogen-filled racing tires, the car never feels out of control. I start to have that misplaced go-kart-track hope that somebody from NASCAR is watching in the shadows, waiting to tap me. I’ve been following the birth of Nissan’s tech-loaded, 911-killing machine for months; I’ve driven a virtual GT-R in the video game *Gran*



SPEC CHECK

PRICE	\$76,840
ENGINE	3.8-liter twin-turbo V-6
TORQUE	430 lb.-ft.
HORSEPOWER	480
0-60 MPH	3.4 seconds
TOP SPEED	193 mph
AVAILABLE	Now
MPG	16 city/21 highway

Turismo 5 Prologue and watched footage of one jaw-dropping lap on the Nürburgring (YouTube it). In real life the car is even more thrilling, and easier to drive fast than I expected. But most surprising about this monster? It's got manners. In town the GT-R is stupid-simple to drive, thanks to its smooth paddle-shifted automatic transmission. It doesn't jerk in traffic; at slow speeds it's almost as smooth as Ma's old Maxima. It becomes a sleeper supercar.

As I cruise into a small town to grab a coffee and give the GT-R a break after our madness in the mountains, it catches a girl's eye. "Nice car. The engine's so quiet," she says. An odd thing to say about one of the fastest production cars ever. I look back to the GT-R and hear it cooling, ticking ever so slightly, and think, *Would Godzilla take that as a compliment?* In its polite Japanese way, yes. But underneath those angles and planes, strange power lurks. The monster awaits another romp. —Jesse Will

THE RPM HONOR ROLL

ACHIEVEMENT IN PARTY-ENABLING TECHNOLOGY

2009 Dodge Ram

Chrysler engineers must have an *Old School* DVD looping in their cubicles: They've converted the walls of the new Dodge Ram truck bed into drain-plug-equipped coolers that can hold 120 12-ounce cans and ice. Somebody's even been watching porn: They've named the feature "RamBox."

PEDESTRIAN PRESERVATION

BMW Night Vision

If poky bipeds in front of you don't have the decency to scream, "I'm walkin' here!" BMW's Night Vision—an option offered on the 7 Series—helps keep road kill counts low by scanning ahead and warning you of any hapless humans in your way.



BEST CONCIERGE FOR NON-ARISTOCRATS

Ford Sirius Travel Link

If you're buying a Ford, you're probably not a Rockefeller, but you can play one with this add-on. The politely obedient navigation/info system delivers weather maps, sports scores, and movie times with nary a sniff; it even fills you in on nearby gas prices.

TREND THAT MUST END AWARD

Mechaphilia

Lots of men love cars, but 57-year-old Washington resident Edward Smith is the Gene Simmons of sheet metal, since he's claimed to have made love to roughly 1,000 cars—including his current flame, a VW Beetle named Vanilla. Smith is profiled in a British documentary called *Strangelove* that gives new meaning to the phrase "auto erotica."

FASTEST FAMILY CAR

2009 Cadillac CTS-V

Big, bad Caddies used to be reserved for Mob heavies and bookies, but the supercharged 550 hp CTS-V (\$60K est.) attracts a whole different breed: the speed freak who wants horsepower under the hood and a kiddie seat in back.

MOST AROUSING DESIGN

2009 Maserati GranTurismo

While most cars are designed using a bunch of straight lines and a few curves, the \$135,000 GranTurismo is as voluptuous as a Brazilian bombshell: Not a straight line on the damn thing. Who says you can't drive the girl of your dreams?

BEST TOUGHENING UP

2009 Pontiac Solstice Coupe

As a convertible, the Solstice is one of the ideal summer rides; for '09 the sporty two-seater beefs up with a sleek targa top, transforming it into an all-weather cruiser perfect for Buffalo or Wasilla.

CAR WARS

FORMULA 1 FANS VS. NASCAR FANS

Eurotrash with no taste!



White trash with no teeth!

WINNER: NASCAR! CHECK MY #20 TAINT TATTOO!



Best Eco-Mobile With Muscle

Mercedes ML 320 BlueTEC

As my luxe Mercedes M-Class flies down a Carolina highway, the numbers go higher and higher. A record is at hand, and I wordlessly commend my steely poise behind the wheel. No, I'm not talking speed. The Benz has reached 26 miles per gallon—class-kicking mileage for a luxury SUV—and there's not a whirring electric motor to be heard, nor a hybrid battery weighing down the fun. This here's a diesel, in all its fuel-saving, stump-pulling glory. Fine, so maybe driving for mileage doesn't deliver the triple-digit ego boost of thrashing around in a sports car, but it's sure as hell easier on the conscience. Idling at a stoplight, I hear the lightest ticking from the Mercedes' 3.0-liter turbodiesel, nothing like the chug-chug of an old-school oil burner. There's no exhaust soot, no smell.

With the engine emitting 20 percent less CO₂ than gas models, a diesel wave is following Mercedes' wake from the likes of VW, BMW, Audi, Nissan, Subaru, and Honda. As the miles spool out in plush style, I'm on pace to top a mind-blowing 600 miles on one tank. Four bucks a gallon or not, many Americans aren't about to force their plus-size lifestyles into tiny econoboxes. The BlueTEC Benz is green icing on the SUV cake: Imagine a smug Prius going crunch under your wheels. If that doesn't make you smile, you're not alive. —Lawrence Ulrich

SPEC CHECK

PRICE	\$48,125
ENGINE	3.0-liter V-8
TORQUE	398 lb.-ft.
HORSEPOWER	210
0-60 MPH	7.9 seconds
TOP SPEED	130 mph
AVAILABLE	Now
MPG	18/24

GUERRILLA MARKETING AWARD

BMW's Rampenfest

Rampenfest feels like a Christopher Guest flick for a reason: This online doc about a small German town's attempts to build a ginormous ramp and launch a BMW 1-Series across the Atlantic is as authentic as a \$22 Rolex. The town might be fictitious, and the Facebook account for the film's director might be fake, but the flick's 10 million Web site views are real.

MOMMY-MOBILE WE WOULD ACTUALLY DRIVE

2009 Mazda6

It's not too often that we lust after practical rides, but the 272 hp Mazda6 offers more BMW-like personality than any mass-produced Japanese sedan deserves. This \$19,220 rice rocket will make driving enthusiasts proud, and it has plenty of trunk space for bulk purchases of mom jeans.



BEST VIEW

2009 Mustang Glass Roof

The view from the Mustang's new, optional transparent sloping roof should inspire lots of moonlit backseat shenanigans, though you may

need to be a contortionist to fit back there. If you are indeed a contortionist, call us!

THE NAPOLEON AWARD

Bruce Weiner's Microcar Museum

Tucked away in a nondescript building just outside Atlanta is a stash of Goggomobils, Messerschmitts, and other pocket-size postwar buggies that are small enough to make Smart cars look like Freightliners. The pet project of gazillionaire car fiend Bruce Weiner, the Microcar Museum is proof that you don't have to be an eco-weenie to dig tiny rides.

CAR WARS

HEATED CUPHOLDER VS. SIDE AIR BAG

Maintains hot cocoa's deliciousness.

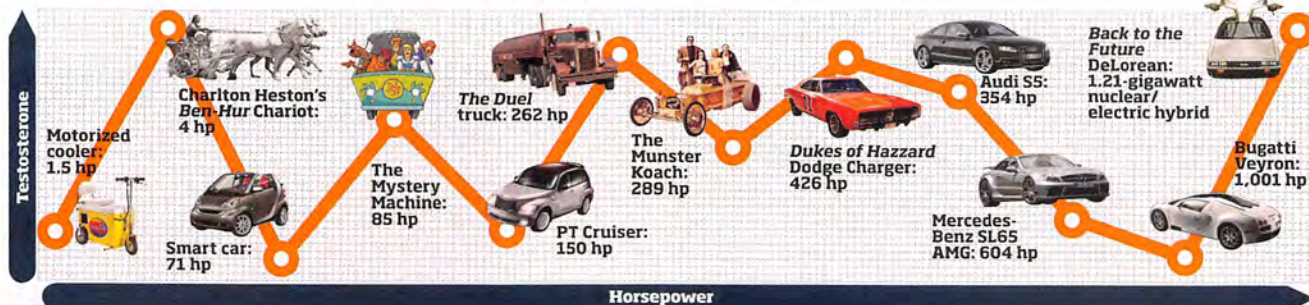


Maintains your friend's face and brain.

WINNER: CUPHOLDER! SCREW YOUR FRIENDS.

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PLAYSTATION 3



XBOX 360 LIVE



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Best Reason to Buy American

Corvette ZR1

super-'Vette drives worth a damn in the real world.

While waiting for a thumbs-up from track security, I make a mental run of the ZR1's car-geek cred. Its supercharged 6.2-liter V-8 produces 638 horsepower and puts out enough torque to kick-start the USS Missouri. In other words, I'm pretty damn scared of the thing.

When the "go" signal comes, the ZR1 lets out a subdued shriek; what follows is a spleen-rupturing shove that might be what getting kicked in the stomach by Chuck Liddell feels like. Seconds later I'm down the straight and into a tricky double-apex right turn that tucks into an up-hill twist. With traction control on and "competition mode" selected, the ZR1 allows a bit of drift before the system steps in to save you. Every measure of control the car takes happens progressively; there are none of the "uh-oh" moments that make harder-edged supercars such a handful. When it's time to get on the brakes, the gigantic carbon-ceramic disks and multi-pistoned calipers respond with the certainty of death and taxes. You press. It stops. The end.

Later I take the car offtrack. Its suspension easily corrects to the rough pavement, serving a supple ride that's more like a German sedan than a 'murican supercar. I pull into a Dairy Queen, where locals negotiate past the ZR1 in raised pickups decked out in mud tires. They give my chrome-wheeled beast an approving eye. On top of everything else it does well, the ZR1 is also the first 200-plus mph supercar in which you don't feel like a tool sipping a butterscotch malt. This time the hype machine got it right. —Mike Spinelli

At GM's Milford proving grounds near Detroit, a team of brave (or foolish) GM reps toss me the keys to a shiny Corvette ZR1. It's finally time to see if the much-hyped

SPEC CHECK

PRICE	\$103,000
ENGINE	Supercharged 6.2-liter V-8
TORQUE	604 lb.-ft.
HORSEPOWER	638
0-60 MPH	3.4 seconds
TOP SPEED	205 mph
AVAILABLE	Now
MPG	14/20

KILLER FROM KOREA AWARD

2009 Hyundai Genesis

By "Killer" we're not talking Kim Jong-il. The game-changing Genesis offers 300+ hp performance and a luxe interior rivaling BMW's 5-Series at a price cut of more than \$12,000 (list: \$37,250). Hey, all it takes is some dental floss and a hair dryer to remove those HYUNDAI badges.

MOST HEARTBREAKING MOVIE SCENE

Bruce Wayne Wrecks a Real Lamborghini

The box office wasn't the only thing megablockbuster flick *The Dark Knight* smashed. We teared up during that chase scene when Christian Bale's Bruce Wayne crashes a non-CGI Lamborghini Murciélago LP640. The Italian company lent the film three of the \$354,000 supercars; only two made it back. We haven't been this choked up since *Splash*. Someone hand us a shammy cloth!

BEST REASON TO STAGE A HEIST

The Aston Martin One-77

Because the Bugatti Veyron is so 2006, Aston Martin's gone and introduced the One-77, which is now in development and will be custom-built for 77 rich bastards. You'll be hearing about its hand-built aluminum body, 7.0-liter V-12, and estimated \$2.1 million price tag for years to come. But you read about it here first.

CAR WARS

PCH VS. I-95

Features breathtaking views of the Pacific coast.



Features gut-busting views of Waffle House specials.

WINNER: I-95. THICK SYRUP BEATS THICK FOG.



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Best Defense of Foreign Oil Dependency

Dodge Challenger SRT8

weave in and out of the late-night traffic streaming down three lanes of Manhattan's West Side Highway, the police officer is quite calm. "Do you know why I stopped you?" I lamely shrug. Yet despite my silent admission of guilt, the paycheck-size ticket I so clearly deserve never materializes. Instead, the cop hands back my license and silently gives the newly revived Challenger a lusty once-over, from its front turn signals—inspired by a pistol chamber—to its racing-style gas cap. And as he bids me good night, he doesn't even bother to tell me to slow down. He obviously knows better.

I've never actually ridden on an angry bear, but I imagine it's not unlike driving the Dodge Challenger SRT8. Punch the start button and the 6.1-liter Hemi V-8 roars to life, threat and menace rumbling out of the twin tailpipes. New for '09, a Tremec six-speed manual tranny treats the first couple of gears like an annoying, jerky formality; this car wants to go fast. It's no surprise that the Challenger rules straight urban highways, but the 4,000-pound beast can also terrorize gape-mouthed bumpkins on upstate twisties thanks to its standard limited-slip differential and grippy 20-inch Goodyears.

The best reason to drive fast in this thing? Lane-changing at speed in the 198-inch-long behemoth is a pulse-quickening game of Russian roulette. Glances over your shoulder reveal little but the headrest and massive C-pillar, so you might as well just floor it. Maybe that's for the best: The Challenger simply can't be driven any other way but balls-out. Just ask New York's Finest.

—Ky Henderson

Considering that I've been driving just about 40 mph over the posted speed limit as I

SPEC CHECK

PRICE	\$39,995
ENGINE	6.1-liter Hemi V-8
TORQUE	420 lb.-ft.
HORSEPOWER	425
0-60 MPH	Less than 5.0 seconds
TOP SPEED	175 (SRT8)
AVAILABLE	Now
MPG	13/19

BEST WAY TO DRIVE THE DODGE CHALLENGER SRT8 WITHOUT PLUNKING DOWN 40 GRAND

Midnight Club: LA (PS3, XBOX 360)

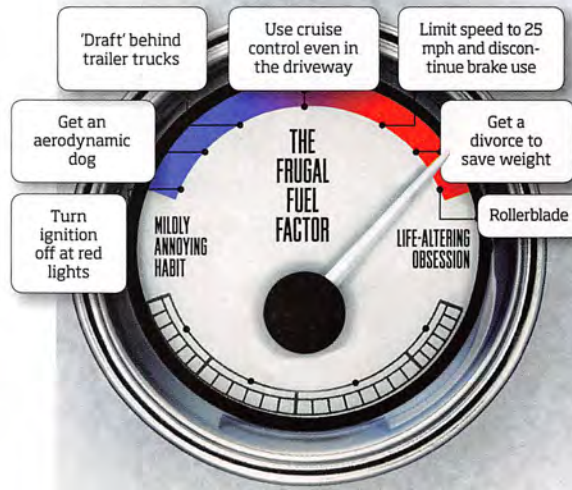
The fourth installment in Rockstar Games' racing series promotes free-roaming pink-slip races on pedestrian- and vehicle-packed L.A. streets. While losing a virtual Challenger won't sting like surrendering the real thing, our digital hearts will weep.

HORSEPOWER TO THE PEOPLE AWARD 2009 Pontiac G8 GXP

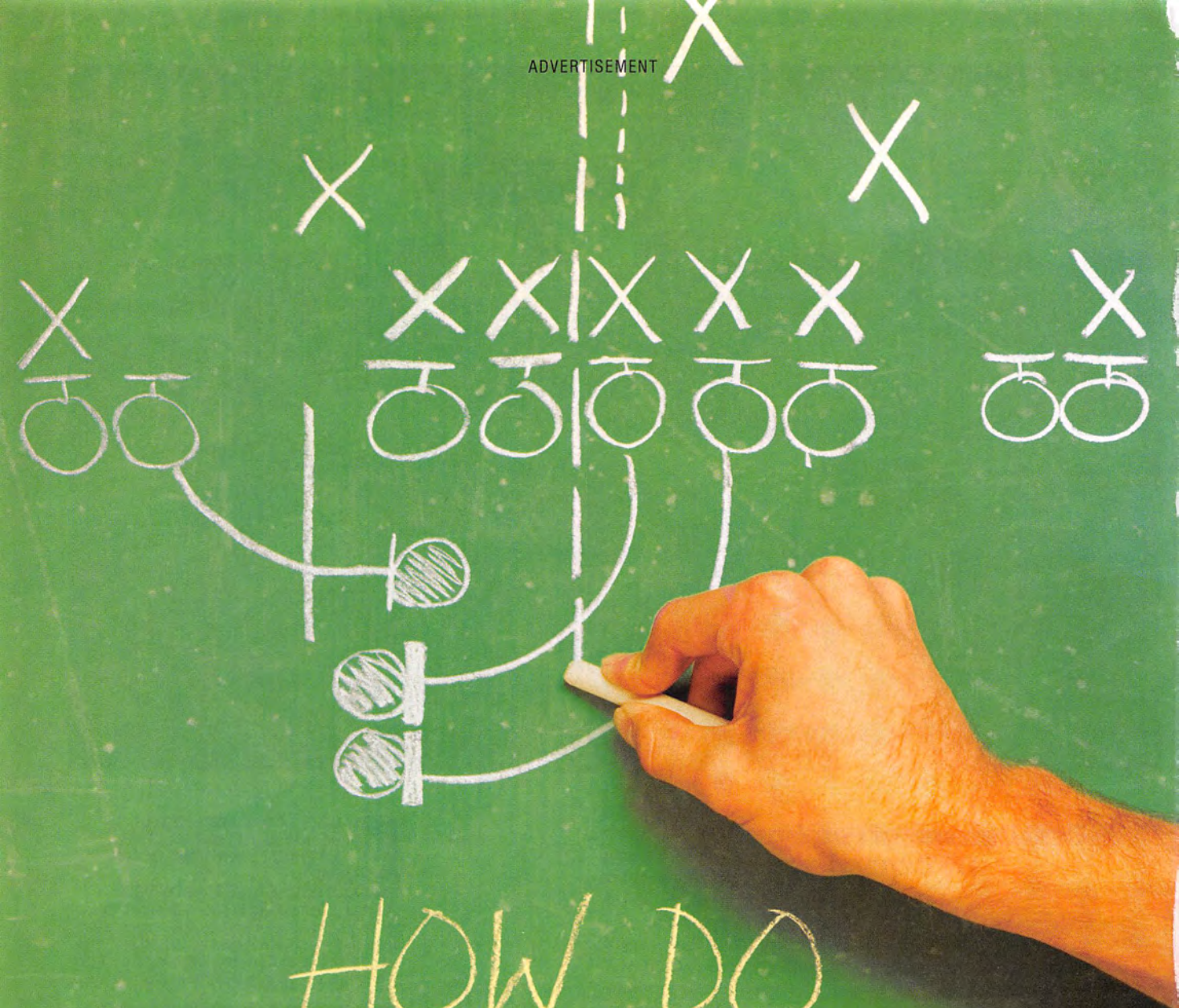
Not only does the Pontiac G8 GXP get a 402-horsepower V-8 engine plucked from the 'Vette, but it does so at a bargain-basement price of less than 40 grand. Cue the Darwin Awards!

Fuel Saver Freakometer

How far will you go to save gas?



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HOW DO YOU SEE FOOTBALL?

→ One of them enforces his opinion. The other one enforces the rules. One wields a pen, the other a whistle. But there's one thing football officials and sportswriters have in common: They both need eagle eyes and the best view of the big picture on the field.

**HATE MAIL IS PART OF MY
JOB, BUT IT'S WORTH IT
TO WRITE ABOUT FOOTBALL.**

**WHEN I TAKE FLACK,
IT'S FROM GUYS WHO ARE
TWO OR THREE TIMES MY SIZE.**

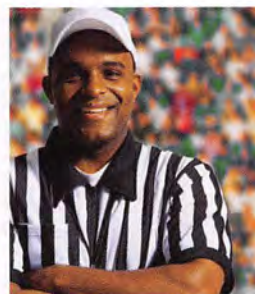
JIM

AGE > 33

PASSION >
Underdogs



SPORTSWRITER OFFICIAL



DOUG

AGE > 29

PASSION >
Weightlifting

What's your favorite thing about your profession?

JIM > Dude, the chili in the press box is amazing. We compete to see which journalist can handle the most hot sauce.

DOUG > Cheerleaders at close range. I only pay attention to them at halftime, of course. Related note: If you haven't yet, invest in HD.

Both of you are in the business of making controversial calls, so you must take some flack. How do you deal?

DOUG > When I take flack, it's from guys who are two or three times my size. That's why it's important that I'm right!

JIM > Sometimes I get angry letters from fans that don't like a certain column or the way I wrote about their favorite player or coach. I try to watch every game objectively and fairly, but ultimately my goal is to provide a different perspective.

What's the best place to watch a game?

JIM > The press box can get pretty rowdy, so I always DVR the game and re-watch it on my Samsung plasma TV as I'm writing.

DOUG > Being on the field is my job, so it's great to relax with buddies at home. My friends rely on me to give the insider view on penalties.

What are your game-watching essentials?

JIM > A Samsung plasma TV, a pad of paper, and a pen. The pen and paper are for taking notes while I'm snacking. I found out the hard way that nachos and computers don't mix.

DOUG > HDTV and my lucky hat. Sometimes I throw my hat down when players go out of bounds. My friends are happy to act as replay officials.

How does HDTV help you do your job?

DOUG > My "homework" after every game is to re-watch it and analyze my performance. HD is the only way to see every little detail I may have missed on the field.

JIM > You really get the idea of the huge scale, the whole atmosphere of a game on HD. It's easier to set a scene in writing when you've got the full picture.



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SAMSUNG

KNIGHT RIDER '82 VS. KNIGHT RIDER '08

KITT is a kickass Trans Am with a gayish computer voice.



KITT is a transforming supercar voiced by gayish Val Kilmer.

WINNER: 1982. NO HOFF, NO WAY.



Most Subtle Supercar Aston Martin V8 Vantage

It's a good day when someone tosses you the glass-capped key fob for the Aston Martin V8 Vantage and you're ordered to explore the roller-coaster roads that slice through Marin County, California. It's an even better day when you assume that Aston's entry-level ride will drive like an emasculated version of its DBS supercar and are proved hugely wrong.

You'd expect martini-swilling silver-hairs to savor this car's subtleties—not a gearhead speed fiend like me. But I quickly fall in lust with the exterior, so smooth it almost disappears, and details like its “swan wing” doors, which open just slightly upward to reveal an interior ensconced in fragrant, buttery leather. Before I even turn the ignition, my ass and I are in supercar heaven.

I fire up the 420-horsepower V-8 (a fresh engine for the 2009 model), and with the sound of “whoosh, brummbum-bum-bum,” the gentlemanly ride becomes an animal. Mountain bikers and frazzled moms spin their heads to catch a glimpse of the sled making that signature rip and snarl. Punching the accelerator slams me to the seat, and when the

exhaust valve opens above 4,000 rpm, the Vantage unleashes an even more raucous wail. I half expect highway patrol officers from the next county to home in on my hoonage. But reinforcing my belief in a higher power, no five-ohs magically appear—thus enabling me to practice side-

ways driving maneuvers, enhanced by the new-for-2009 Sports Pack. The option, which endows the Vantage with bigger wheels and a more aggro suspension, edges it closer to that hallowed Porsche 911 territory by transmitting more steering feel and feedback to the driver. It's like injecting go-kart DNA into the Aston's pedigree bloodline: my type of family values.

The takeaway from my seat time? You can't judge a two-seater by the subtlety of its curves. The V8 Vantage is a prizefighter masquerading as a banker, a punk in a Paul Smith suit. Just go with it; if you're lucky enough to be shopping for a \$120,000 sports car, it doesn't hurt to be original.

—Basem Wasef

SPEC CHECK

PRICE	\$120,000
ENGINE	4.7-liter V-8
TORQUE	346 lb.-ft.
HORSEPOWER	420
0-60 MPH	4.7 seconds
TOP SPEED	180 mph
AVAILABLE	Fall 2008
MPG	13/19



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(3rd and 4th generation Vikings fans)

Home: Duluth, Minnesota

Passion: Raising his only offspring to fully appreciate the unrivaled grandeur
and legacy that is the Minnesota Vikings football franchise.

Quote: "Viking Pride."

TV: The Samsung Series 6, 7 & 8 with a Touch of Color. The next generation
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Lamborghini Gallardo LP560-4

The Lamborghini Gallardo LP560-4 arrives on my Brooklyn street, lolling on its flatbed trailer like a molten-orange goddess. Cell-phone-camera-bearing supplicants soon appear, the first of the paparazzi who'll stalk the machine at every stop. I've driven a dozen Lamborghinis, from a vintage Countach—the wall-poster wet dream of the '70s—to the Murciélago. Still, it's impossible not to geek out over the redesigned Gallardo's galaxy-next-door shape and 5.2-liter, 560 hp V-10 engine, which when revved to 8,300 rpm unleashes a heavy metal aria whose peaks are simultaneously artistic and transgressive.

Sure, this northern Italian bull tops out at 202 mph. But for the amateurs who buy 90 percent of these 200-grand-plus showboats, the real payoff is that the Gallardo has become easier to drive at 50 mph and more electrifying at 150, thanks to its easy-to-master E-gear paddle-shifted transmission and an AWD system that provides drama-free grip. Though it feels like the car is rearranging the pavement beneath me, I'm firmly in control. That lazy stereotype of the Lamboman—South Beach nouveau riche—is easy to dismiss when you're the one having brutal, beautiful, mad fun. To begrudge the lucky few who caress them is like dissing the guy who dates a supermodel: The rest of us are just jealous.

—Lawrence Ulrich

SPEC CHECK

PRICE	\$200,000+
ENGINE	5.2-liter V-10
TORQUE	398 lb.-ft.
HORSEPOWER	560
0-60 MPH	3.7 seconds
TOP SPEED	202 mph
AVAILABLE	Now
MPG	14/20

BEST CAR FOR KLUTZES

2009 Infiniti FX

If you'd love to gobble up some curves in a 390 hp crossover SUV but can't seem to get out of the driveway without denting the recycling bin, this Infiniti is your dream come true. The \$40,950 FX sets the standard for dim-bulb gadgetry, from a 360-degree camera view to an optional system that uses antilock brakes to nudge the car back in line when its pilot drifts into the shoulder.

BEST CUT-RATE CAR RACE

The 24 Hours of LeMons

Forget Formula 1, that silver-spooned celebration of all things snooty: The 24 Hours of LeMons is a race pitting junkmobiles costing no more than \$500 against each other in a battle royal. The result? Pure motorsports magic...and a whole lot of noxious fumes. Check 24hoursoflemons.com to enter your P.O.S. ride in the race nearest you.

THE PRODUCT PLACEMENT AWARD

Saturn Dresses on Project Runway

The automotive and fashion worlds collided with dazzling synergy on season five of Bravo's *Project Runway* when contestants were asked to cobble together a high-fashion look out of discarded Saturn car parts. While viewers waited for another Heidi Klum appearance, air filters, seat belts, and seat covers were quickly sewn into ill-conceived couture. Seriously, we wouldn't be caught dead in anything less than a BMW camisole!

THIRSTIEST RIDE

2009 Honda Fit

The tiny, fuel-efficient Fit isn't much bigger than a Smart car, but it boasts 10 cupholders. Drink up!

CAR WARS

BULLITT CHASE SCENE VS. RONIN CHASE SCENE

Two '60s muscle cars lose six hubcaps in 10 minutes.



One '90s Robert De Niro loses his shit on the streets of Paris.

WINNER: RONIN! DRIVE SCARED, BOBBY!



Concept Car Star: Mazda's Bernard Lee

Talking shop with the hottest young designer in the biz.

You designed the coolest concept car we've seen this year, the Mazda Furai. Basically, you must have the best job ever.
I like to think so. It's a blast.

Were your walls decked with car posters when you were a kid?

Totally! Ferraris. The Lamborghini Countach. The Porsche 911. They were all there.

How did you decide to design cars?

I was caught drawing them in class countless times. In sixth grade I was drawing in the middle of class, and the teacher got upset, stole my sketch, and said, "Wait a minute, this is pretty good." Then she told me her son was a car designer. That's where it all started.

What's behind the Furai's design?

Its lines are loosely based on a bedsheet blowing in the wind. It starts out gracefully in front, then becomes turbulent in back. It's based on a racecar chassis, and it actually drives. We've taken it to triple digits on the track!

What's the coolest car design ever?

The Lamborghini Miura from 1966. It's low, lean, dramatic, and flamboyant. But you can isolate the details and notice that there's some restraint.

What are your influences?

I've drawn lots of influence from the architect Zaha Hadid. Her buildings are unconventional and organic. But the best designs are in the natural world, because there's beauty with a purpose.



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Danica Patrick
IndyCar® Series Driver

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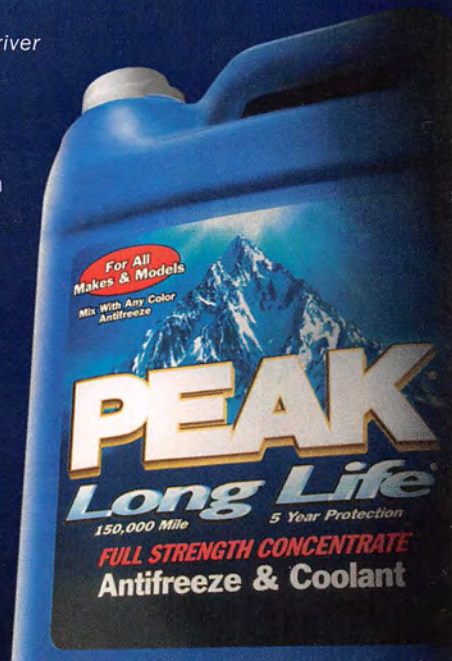


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Assault & Battery Get ready to “gas up” your next ride with the voltage in your garage. The hottest upcoming green cars will be plug-in electrics, which promise gas-mileage figures high enough to make the Prius weep hybrid puddles. While you’re holding out for these rides to arrive, just sit back and think of how the earth-loving green girls will swoon when they hear your motor whirring!

Fisker Karma (ETA: late 2009) If it really hits roads next year, one-time Aston-Martin designer Henrik Fisker’s long, low-slung boutique beauty (shown above) should be the most badass electric car ever, with stunning looks and a top speed of more than 125 mph. After plugging the \$80K car in overnight, it’ll travel 50 miles on battery power. Then a gas engine takes over and lets you produce planet-harming emissions again.

Electric Mini Cooper (ETA: late 2009) It’s already the cutest car on the road, so the 500 battery-powered Mini Cooper models destined for California will either be eco-chick panty droppers or the gayest rides ever. Either way, you’re getting laid by someone, dude.

Chevy Volt (ETA: late 2010) The Volt may have lost the muscular looks of the sporty, aggressive concept version that debuted at the Detroit auto show in 2007, but the stuff under the hood of the production model will still be groundbreaking. Similar to the Fisker Karma (which should cost about twice as much), the fully charged car will run on its electric powertrain for 40 miles before its gas engine fires up to boost the battery, extending the one-tank range to 350 miles. That’s L.A. to Vegas, bitches!

WORST MODEL DEATH
2008 BMW Z4 M Coupe

This supercoupe was a Bavarian cobra, an iconoclastic beauty with 330 hp and more pure bite than anything this side of the Lotus Exige. Too bad nobody bought the damn thing. The Z4 is now spinning its wheels in its grave—though its spirit will live on in Larry’s Discount Used Car Lot.

BEST CAR TO BLOW YOUR EARDRUMS
2009 Jaguar XF

The Jaguar XF sounds as pretty as it looks, with an audiophile sound system by Bowers & Wilkins, the U.K. audio designer whose reference speakers became a staple of classic recording studios from Abbey Road to Deutsche Grammophon. The 14-speaker system features B&W’s nuanced sound and sparkling separation, with Kevlar speakers and aluminum tweeter domes. If you just overdosed on all that audiophile douchery, we advise you to lie down in a quiet room for a while.

MOST SEDUCTIVE SEATS
Maybach Landaulet

This backseat is more spacious than a Manhattan hotel room, with a decadent al fresco roof and sexily adjustable seats that will have the ladies gasping before you make a move. Raise the sliding privacy panel to keep your creepy chauffeur’s eyes on the road. If this car can’t get you laid, you really did waste \$1.35 million.

“FLOOR IT!” AWARD
Island Pond, Vermont

The coast is clear: After 25 years residents dumped Ted Miller, the constable who made this rural Vermont intersection a notorious speed trap. Miller was a Tolstoy of tickets; his prolific and imaginative citations—including “Stop Not Sincere”—totaled more than \$100,000 in 2007, 10 percent of the town’s revenue. This spring merchants fed up with Miller’s tactics helped a 28-year-old with no police experience oust him from office.

BEST PLACE TO SPY FUTURE GM CARS
The Set of Transformers 2

The Nürburgring is so 2007. To get the real scoop on future GM rides, look for online photos of the set of *Transformers 2*, a veritable celluloid show-room of shamelessly hawked GM vehicles. The question is: Are the Chevy Volt and Corvette Centennial Coupe worthy replacements for a plot line and character development?



Mixed Signals Five signs that would make our roads safer.



Watch for falling prices.



No cell phone signal: Communicate by CB radio.



Sammy Hagar crossing.



This stretch of highway adopted by Mark Spitz.



Check your backseat.



Nothing on the radio but Green Day’s “Good Riddance (Time of Your Life)” next 50 miles.

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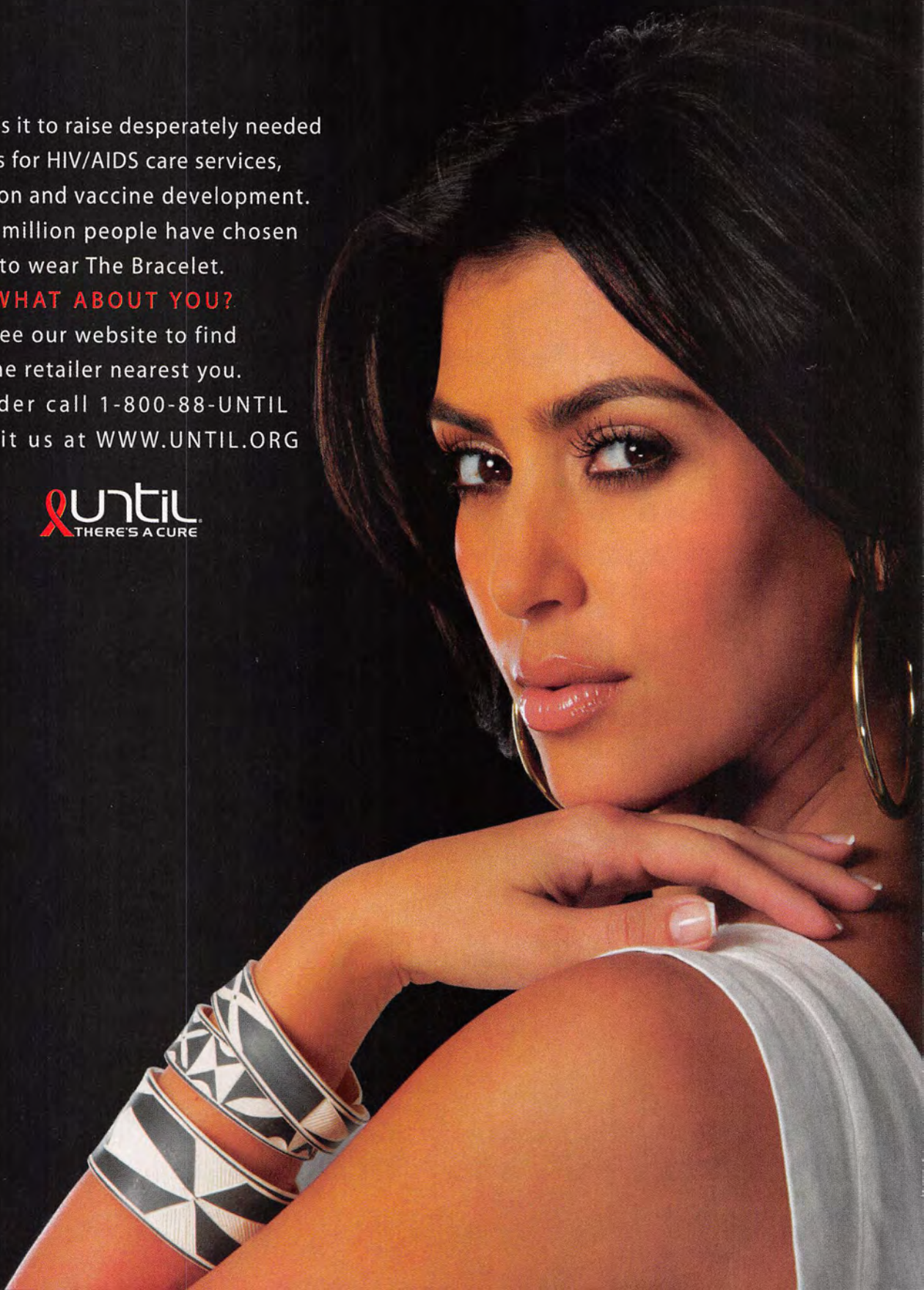
WHY DOES KIM KARDASHIAN WEAR THE BRACELET?

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ANDY HILFIGER
ENTERTAINMENT



30

REASONS TO GIVE THANKS

Screw health and family—here's why you should be high-fiving the Almighty on November 27.

The year was 1621, and upon sitting down to feast with their Native American hosts, the Pilgrims bowed their heads and thanked the Lord above that they had plenty to eat and that none of their stupid belt-buckle Pilgrim hats had blown overboard on the voyage over from England.

Fast-forward a couple of centuries and, annoyingly, the "giving thanks" tradition of those square-toe-shoe-wearing freaks continues every fourth Thursday in November. There you are, surrounded by (probably drunk) relatives who won't let you cram stuffing into your face before you tell everyone what you're thankful for. Sick of giving canned "I'm thankful I'm not sick" types of answers? This year join us in thanking your deity of choice for the following people, places, and nip slips.

Contributors: Mike Olson, Laura Leu, and Scott Jacobson



1
Alec Baldwin
Sure, brother Daniel makes better straight-to-DVD erotic thrillers. And brother Stephen is the best when it comes to... well, anyway. But whether he's filling our homes with hilarity on *30 Rock* or filling his daughter's voice mail with psychotic rants, Alec is our Baldwin for bromance.



2
South Park
Lars Ulrich must be rolling over in his grave. While he fights for each cent of Metall-cash, Trey Parker and Matt Stone have put every second of *South Park* online for free at southparkstudios.com, not to mention behind-the-scenes clips and ringtones. TV moguls missing the greed gene? These dudes truly are fucked up.



American Muscle
Buell's new two-wheeled badass, the 1125CR, made us happy to be alive every time we got off a test ride in one piece. Its 1,125 cc V-twin engine puts out 146 hp that moves a man to tears. Especially if the aforementioned man forgot to snap on his helmet. \$11,695

4
TiVo
DVR? Meh. Apple TV? Maybe when we join the Geek Squad. Give us TiVo, for the merry "pop pop!" it makes when we program it to record 3 A.M. *Skinemax* and its cheerful cooperation when we pause and frame-advance through UFC nut punches. TiVo, you sweet, loyal friend.

5
The Morning-After Pill
Having moms who like to tell us that we were mistakes, we appreciate this life-blocking product. If it prevents more people like us from being born, how can there be any ethical debate?

6
Billy Ray Cyrus
For producing Miley Cyrus, the first thing to come from Billy Ray that doesn't smell like tractor grease and Pabst Blue Ribbon. At least not yet.

7
God
For he bringeth life, peace, and Catholic school girl uniforms.

8
Nip Slips
Areolas escaping the clutches of brassieres never gets old. Unless said areola is old. Note to Phyllis Diller: Wear layers.



9
Bia and Branca Feres
We found two reasons to count the days till the 2012 Olympics: Brazilian synchronized swimmers the Feres twins. We have no idea if Bia (the hot one) and Branca (the other hot one) can medal, but do you really care? See you in London!

10
Yeast
Its effect on sugars and grains forms products that help us stop crying when we think about our lives. Yeast, you put the "fun" in unicellular fungi.



11
Online Porn
Imagine a scary time when perverts had to wait weeks for videotapes featuring naked people to arrive in the mail. Those were dark, flaccid days.

12
A Goonies Sequel Has Been Commissioned
Get ready for a balding Data and a CGI Mama Fratelli, because word is that writers have been hired for *Goonies* part two. And this isn't going to be some straight-to-DVD number; it's going to be in a real, live movie theater with Swedish fish and everything!





13 Gene Simmons' T-shirt

We're so very thankful Gene kept it on during his sex tape. We'll bet it would take the whole Kiss Army to machete-hack through that back hair.



**14
The Prospect of *Inglorious Bastards***
Scalped Nazis + Brad Pitt's sculpted body = Tarantino's sickest flick yet. We think. We're not very good at math.



**15
Michael Phelps**
Our 12,000-calorie-a-day diet is finally validated.



**16
Devin Hester**
The Bears have been—what's the word?—fuckin' awful. But save the bathroom breaks for when Kyle Orton has the ball, because freak of nature Hester turns any kickoff into poetry. Sweaty, concussed poetry.



**17
Sassy TV Judges**
There are more court shows on daytime TV than you can shake a deadbeat dad at, but nothing makes unemployment fly by like watching Judge Hatchett (or Judy, Marilyn Milian, etc.) ream out someone for not paying his trailer rent. Boredom adjourned!



**18
Monsters**
From the Montauk monster (a bloated, unidentifiable creature that washed up on the shores of Long Island this summer) to the body of bigfoot (OK, it was a rubber suit) to a cat with four ears (real!), monsters are making a major comeback. And we couldn't be happier. At this rate the chupacabra tattoo on our ankle will be cool in no time!



**19
HoffSpace**
Thank you, David Hasselhoff, for filling a social-networking void on the Internet. Now, through HoffSpace, we can finally connect with friends and purchase posters of you in various stages of undress.



**21
That We Didn't Buy a First-Generation iPhone**
Remember when they cost \$600 and had all those glitches? Now they're only \$200, and you still get the glitches. That's a \$400 savings!



**22
Cheese**
It may constipate us for days, but all the more time for our stomach to savor that four-year-old Dutch Gouda.



**23
Fire**
We wouldn't have human civilization—or tonight's dinner—without you. Everdure has harnessed its power with the eBQ grill, which sports surround lighting and cooking features advanced enough to smoke fish or make a pizza. The cave men would be proud! And then thoroughly confused, resulting in their attacking it with a rock.



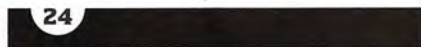
**27
Watching Sports on HDTV**
From swarms of mayflies in the Cleveland outfield to swarms of bacne on 'roided-out pro wrestlers, HDTV lets us see and hope-fully one day smell it all.



**28
Our Moose-Hunting Mom Never Got Into Politics**
Tickle fights with grumpy Uncle McCain can get messy in the absence of adult diapers.



The Next Bond Girl
As a revenge-obsessed assassin who finds herself squarely in 007's boner wheelhouse, *Quantum of Solace's* Olga Kurylenko gets our vote as the hottest Bond girl ever. (Please, Halle, don't be mad, baby.) Olga hails from Ukraine, which hasn't seen such glory since it split from the U.S.S.R. Vodka and Olga? Maybe Communism had its merits after all.



NBA LIVE
Did some D-league castaway crack Milwaukee's rotation? Is Carmelo taking more midrange jumpers than last year? We heart *NBA Live 09's* Dynamic DNA feature, which updates players' abilities as the actual season progresses. (Spoiler alert: The Knicks will *still* suck.)



**25
The Flomax Guys**
When it comes to pill commercials, we'll take potty-break insecurity over dong-size insecurity any day. For the record, we urinate a lot. Max out!



**29
Nose Hair Trimmers**
The NoseVac No Hair Left Behind device shreds nasal weeds and has a built-in vacuum to suck up the leavings and save your marriage.



**26
Waking Up to Fresh-Baked Bread**
Alfie Lake makes an alarm clock that wakes you up with this inviting scent. The downside? Tastes like metal and plastic.



**30
The Noble Swine**
Whether you're devouring bacon, grilling up spareribs, getting international with some chorizo, or trying to impress people by ordering Bo Ssam, one thing is certain: No other animal begs to be killed, cut up, cooked slowly, and ingested more than our friend the pig. Thanks for being so tasty, porky pal!

SETH ROGEN

HOLLYWOOD SEX GOD

How a schlubby pothead became
the new king of the silver screen.
(Enter at your own risk.)

BY LOGAN HILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER





I

'M KIND OF SHOCKED THERE hasn't been a giant fucking backlash," says Seth Rogen, laughing

at his uncanny run of profane hits, which have pushed pot, porn, and filthy jokes into the multiplex like never before. As the scruffy, puffy face of the vast Judd Apatow comedy syndicate, Rogen has ratcheted up the raunch of mainstream America, from the TV-safe *Freaks and Geeks* to the R-rated laughs of *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, *Knocked Up*, *Superbad*, summer's marijuana-action hit *Pineapple Express*, and now the wincingly vulgar *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*, in movie theaters on Halloween.

And instead of facing the obligatory comedown, Rogen—who is 26 but still often mistaken for 46—has become Hollywood's hottest, most unlikely leading man and chick magnet. Not since the heyday of Woody Allen has a nebbishy actor bedded so many lookers on the screen, a list that includes Katherine Heigl, Amber Heard, and now *Porno*'s Elizabeth Banks. "Yup," he admits, scratching his Jew-fro (Rogen's term for his hairstyle, not ours), "I get to have sex on-screen...with a hot girl. It's ridiculous." And then he laughs his signature "har-har-har" so deeply that he sounds like the love child of Kathleen Turner and James Earl Jones.

"If it's honestly funny, you can get people to see anything," says Rogen, his slacker figure sunk into a shabby velvet sofa within a cavernous hotel lobby on downtown Manhattan's Bowery one recent late summer afternoon. The slice of salmon he's eating may seem uncharacteristic for his tastes, nearly dainty for a guy audiences imagine subsisting entirely on Baconators and the occasional McRib. (He's trimming down for his upcoming role as the comic book superhero the Green Hornet.) But that he's chosen to stay at a hotel on the notorious Bowery—albeit a trendy one—is strangely befitting. It was in this neighborhood of men's lodgings and crusty sailor bars that the true "blue" comics, like

'People are very tolerant of unattractive guys. They're not so tolerant of unattractive girls.'

Jackie Gleason and Richard Pryor, would come to exorcise their most off-color routines in seedy holes-in-the-wall.

Rogen, however, hasn't had to conceal his basest humor from the masses. Nearly from the get-go, he's let it all hang out as the filthiest comic actor around for a ticket-buying generation of teenage guys, man-children, and the women attracted to lovable losers—the latest in a proud lineage. But Rogen's true ingenuity is that he's found a way to infiltrate his taboo humor into otherwise mainstream teen movies, action flicks, and now romantic comedies.

As he puts it, the alchemy is in "mixing all this dirty shit with all this emotional shit. We never worry about how to mix it up. If you try to handle it like you're really doing something weird, then it will seem like it. But I don't think it's weird at all. I think it's exactly how life is."

This will surely be put to the test with Kevin Smith's *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*, which, success or failure, may well be remembered as the dirtiest romantic comedy ever made. It is so filthy, in fact, that the film was initially given the box office cyanide pill of an NC-17 rating. Smith, who has become something of a savant at successfully arguing his cases



with the ratings board, persuaded them to overturn the decision by showing them a reel of explicit and scatological outtakes he'd spliced from other films that made the R-rated cut, among them *Jackass Number Two* and *American Pie 2*. *Zack and Miri* remained uncut and rated R.

Quite the feat: In the first 20 minutes alone, Rogen—playing yet another of his archetypal broke-ass horn dogs, this one a Pittsburgh barista named Zack—sticks a handwarmer down his pants ("It's wedged in my ass! It got wedged in my taint! It's stuck to my balls!...I think I burned my ball hair off!"), somehow links masturbation to the victims of genocide in Darfur, and explicitly describes his desire to see a Rosie O'Donnell sex tape.

That's just the warmup, the fluffer as it were, before Zack convinces his hot roommate Miri (Banks) that they should have sex on-camera to pay the bills, followed by a scene that in YouTube circles has already come to be known as the "Offensive Bodily Fluids Shot." Even the unfazed Rogen calls it "some seriously nasty shit." But to him the real gross-out for audiences will be his sex scene with the stunning Banks. Why? Because it's a shockingly "tender" moment, he says. "I think we shot it in one take, and I can't watch it—I've never watched it," he says, slapping a hand over his eyes. "It makes me sick. That's fucking disgusting."

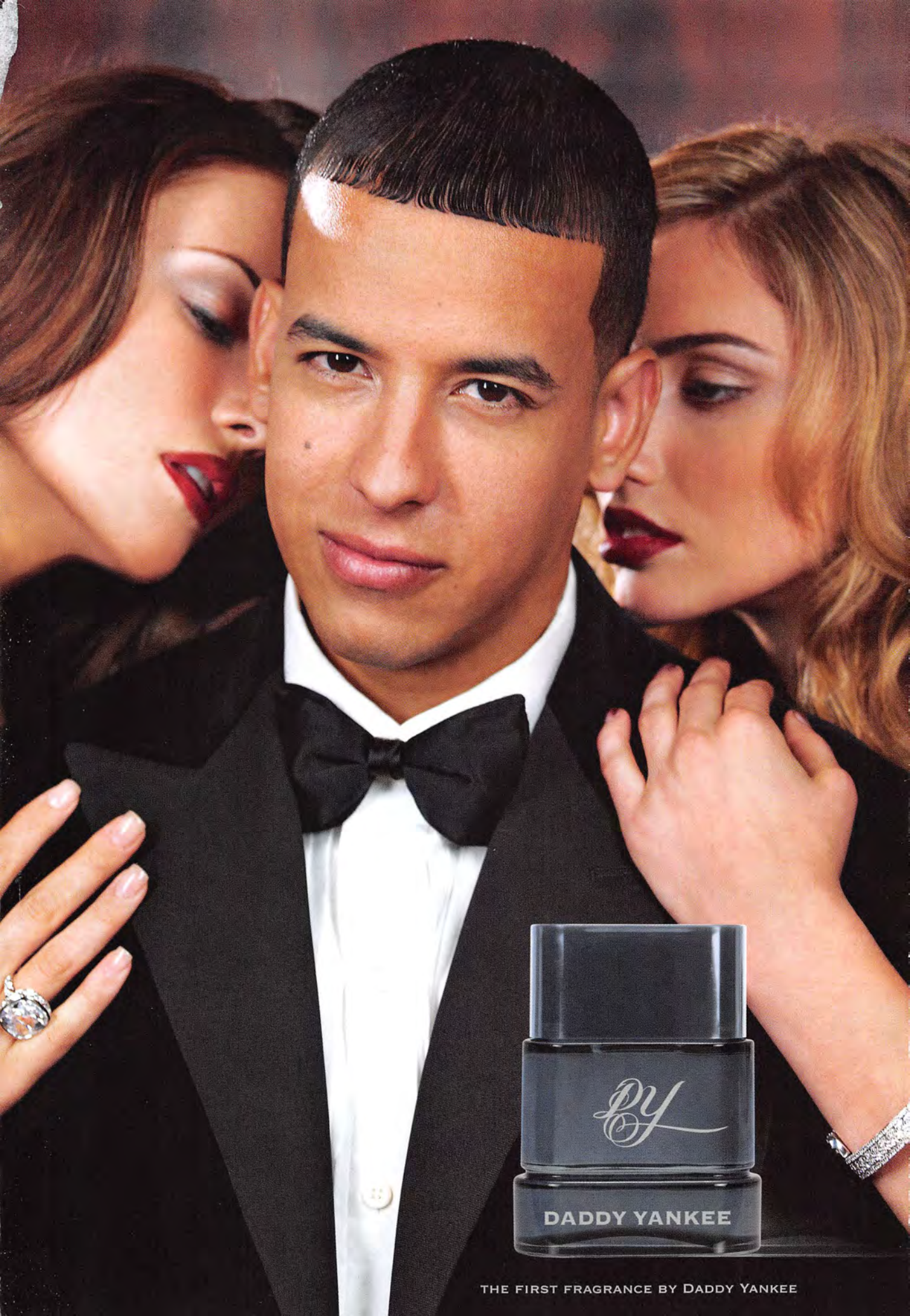
But Rogen gets exactly why he's appealing. "People are very tolerant of unattractive guys. They're not so tolerant of unattractive girls for some reason. I'm not saying it's right. It's just the way it is..."

Says Kevin Smith, who wrote the part of Zack for Rogen: "The characters he plays act like they don't give a fuck. But deep down you always know they do. He's just so wonderfully sweet. For all us normal-looking guys, he gives us hope that we can get the girl, because he looks like a dude you know and trust. And chicks fucking love him."

Now, Rogen says, nearly every script he is handed requires that he have on-screen sex with a beautiful actress. (In real life he lives with his long-term girlfriend, TV writer Lauren Miller.) Most famously, in *Knocked Up* Rogen's unemployed, pot-smoking couch potato somehow convinces Heigl's gorgeous, high-powered newscaster to fall in love with him. If some female moviegoers were put off by the film's unlikely scenario or Hollywood's double standards about male-female relations, wait until they see *Porno*. In the film Rogen is not just a skin-flick connoisseur; he's a first-time porn director. And he doesn't just get a beautiful woman to have sex with him—he persuades her to have sex with him on-camera, for money.

"He's got that edge and that likability factor too," says Harvey Weinstein, who executive-produced *Porno*. "He's the guy who goes first. You've got to admire his guts. You say to yourself: 'Fuck, that guy's brave!'"

Smut just seems to come naturally to Seth Rogen. As a matter of

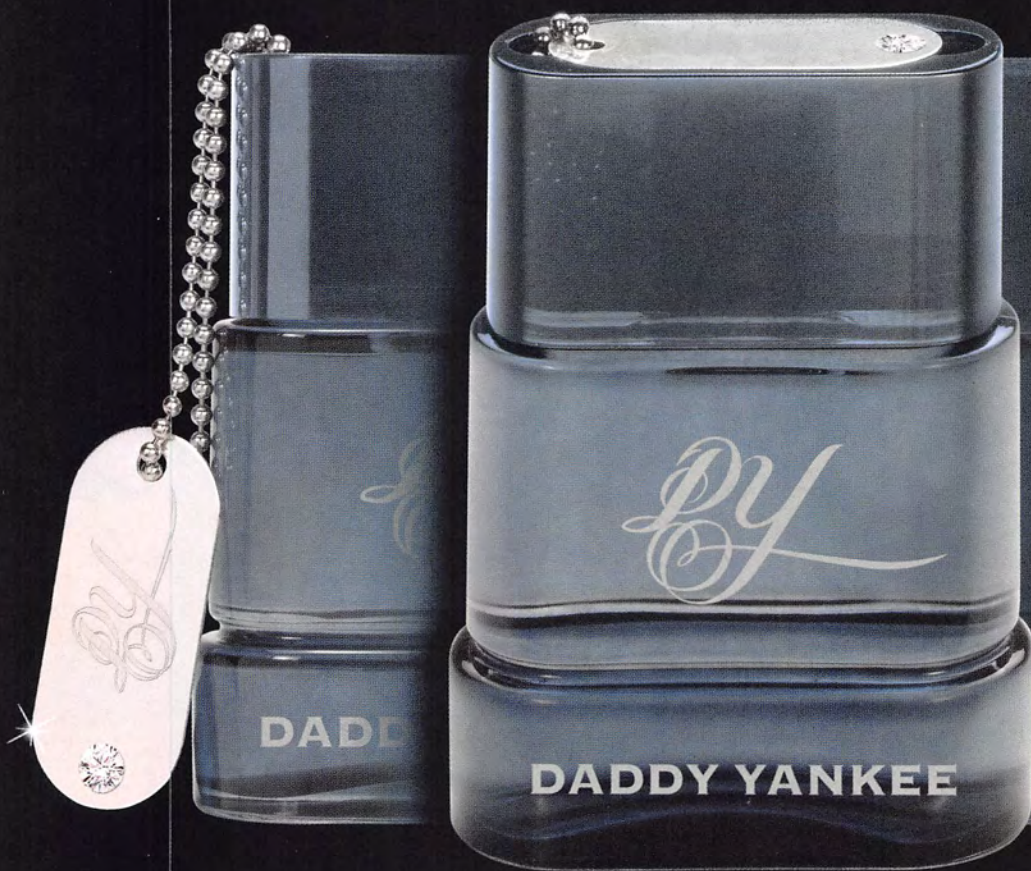


THE FIRST FRAGRANCE BY DADDY YANKEE

LIFT TO DISCOVER
DY

DY

DADDY YANKEE



THE FIRST FRAGRANCE BY DADDY YANKEE

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ART IN OUR SCHOOLS.

NO WONDER PEOPLE THINK
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
WAS THE FIRST MAN TO
WALK ON THE MOON.

It's a long way from the Apollo Theatre to the Apollo program. And while his playing may have been "as lofty as a moon flight," as *Time* magazine once suggested, that would be as close as Louis Daniel Armstrong would ever get to taking "one small step for man."

But as the jazz musician of the



Instead of a giant leap, Louis Armstrong delivered one giant free-form crazy jazz groove for mankind.



Armstrong left his footprints on the jazz world, wearing lace-up oxfords.

20th century, giant

leaps were simply a matter of course for Satchmo. For no one has ever embodied the art form the way he did. It was he who helped make virtuoso solos a part

of the vocabulary. It was he who was honored with the title "American goodwill ambassador" by the State Department. It was he who was the last jazz musician to hit #1 on the Billboard pop chart.

Not bad for a kid whose first experience with

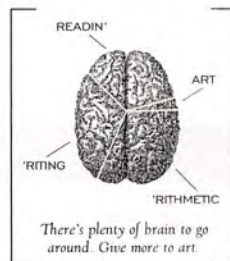
the trumpet was as a guest in a correctional home for wayward boys. If only today's schools were as enlightened and informed as that reformatory was.

Alas, the arts are dismissed as extravagant in today's schools. This, despite all the studies that show parents believe music and dance and art and drama make

their children much better students and better people.

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Photo used with permission, Louis Armstrong Educational Foundation.

fact, he's been in that zone half his life—and much of it half-stoned.

He says he smokes pot almost daily, but it seems to have little effect on his productivity—a condition that Tommy Chong of the '70s comedy duo Cheech and Chong readily comprehends. A fan of Rogen and his films, Chong says he met the actor last year at the *High Times* Stoney Awards, “and instantly felt like I was talking to an old friend.”

“I could feel his intelligence honed to a sharp edge by his daily intake of the magic herb,” says Chong, currently on a stoner reunion tour with Cheech Marin. “Seth reminds me of a big, cuddly philosophy professor. He’s a very gracious guy. He falls into the Lenny Bruce vein of comedy, but with an Albert Brooks approach to his pot humor.”

Rogen says his true inspiration, though, is Kevin Smith. “About the same time *Clerks* came out,” the actor says, referring to 1994, just before he turned 13 years old, “I started doing stand-up, and I think that’s basically where my filthy sense of humor came from.”

Rogen raves about Smith and *Clerks* as Jenna Jameson might praise Linda Lovelace and *Deep Throat*. “He’s the first guy who did a movie that had a 10-minute conversation about blow jobs,” says Rogen. “When *Clerks* came out, I remember thinking, *Wow, that’s exactly how guys talk*. I’m sure there was a rash of horrible, filthy screenplays sent to Hollywood after that movie came out, and *Superbad* was one of them.”

Shortly thereafter, the teenage Rogen’s parents started driving him to stand-up gigs in his hometown of Vancouver. Though he often notes that he doesn’t have any childhood trauma to inspire his jokes—he doesn’t quite fit the stereotype of the “sad clown”—one could argue that spending your impressionable teen years with dirty comedians at bars is also bound to warp a personality.

“From a very young age, I’d hear people say the funniest shit,” says Rogen. “There was a comic who had a 10-minute bit about the word *fuck*. He’d say it 400 times in 10 minutes. It made an impression on me.”

Eventually, frat pack overlord Judd Apatow discovered Rogen—and recognized something down-to-earth and familiar about the young actor, attributes that could cross over into television. Rogen moved from Vancouver to Los Angeles, where he still lives, and in 1999 Apatow cast him as the sarcastic high school sourpuss Ken Miller on the short-lived cult hit *Freaky and Geeks*.

Rogen soon became a key member of the Apatow ensemble, traversing from a bit part in *Anchorman* to a supporting role in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* (which he coproduced) to starring in *Knocked Up*. But *Superbad*, which he cowrote with his childhood friend Evan Goldberg, was his baby. It was the film that proved R-rated comedies weren’t just a flash in the pan. With this summer’s box office smash *Pineapple Express*, Rogen upped the ante by adding a dose of Tarantino-like ultraviolence to the

gross-out comedy mix. None of these movies were extreme just for extremity’s sake; each simply focused on everyday human foibles and habits, no matter how tasteless.

“People do have unplanned pregnancies, and kids go and get drunk and do all this stupid shit,” Rogen says. “And, come on! Everyone loves porn. I mean, I haven’t been in a porno, but I’m very familiar with the world of porno, let’s say.”

So is Apatow, to hear Rogen tell it. He describes how the director’s wife, Leslie Mann, once found porn on her husband’s TiVo, and all the “performers” were Hispanic. “That must have been weird,” he says, laughing. “It wasn’t like Judd must have been saying to himself, *I’m worried she’ll find my porno*. It was now: *She’ll find out what I’m secretly actually into*.”

Rogen himself is “never embarrassed, never ashamed,” says Jonah Hill, his beefy costar in *Superbad*. Indeed, Rogen readily allows that he shares a porn-site password with his writing pal Goldberg. “Pretty recently,” he says, “the cleaning lady walked in while both of us were looking at a 3-D porn magazine and wearing 3-D goggles.” He pauses for effect. “She was with her 11-year-old daughter.”

IN THE COURSE OF RESEARCHING HIS ROLE, ROGEN DELVED EVEN deeper into the world of 21st-century porn and made some fascinating discoveries. “One thing I’ve learned through various mainstream sex sites is that way more guys are into transsexual porn than one would like to think,” he says. “I feel like it’s the elephant in America’s room: the secret love of transsexual porno.”

This kind of stuff is fodder for some of Rogen’s most outrageous material. But where does one go after the taboos have been broken? Can incest be funny? “Sure,” Rogen says. Bestiality?

“Actually, that’s been done already,” he says. “When *Virgin* was first coming out, we had a test screening. In the film there’s this whole scene where I talk about the woman-fucking-the-horse show in Tijuana. And at the screening, some woman came up to me afterward and said, ‘You shouldn’t talk about things like that. You should be like Tom Hanks. He would never do something like that.’ And I said to her, ‘Have you ever seen *Bachelor Party*? In that movie they aren’t just talking about a woman fucking a horse—they actually show a woman fucking a donkey!’”

It raises the question: Could Seth Rogen be on his way to becoming a serious, award-winning actor à la Hanks? At first it sounds absurd: this guy? But he and Hanks have the same everyman charm, as well as an affinity for lowbrow gags. And you may not have noticed it, but he too

can act. The difference? Rogen’s had three box office smashes by the age of 26, while also writing and producing movies. At about the same age, Hanks was trapped on TV, dressing in drag on *Bosom Buddies*.

Rogen’s future plan is, well, not having one. “I don’t have a ‘bigger picture,’” he says. “It’s just whatever project seems cool at the time. If it’s cool, I’ll do it.” Deemed cool are upcoming roles as a slacker who survives doomsday in *Jay and Seth vs. the Apocalypse*, the Green Hornet, and the lead in Jody Hill’s mall-cop dark comedy *Observe and Report*.

“It’s a weird movie, man, not a straight comedy,” he says of *Observe*. “It’s like a funny version of a Scorsese film, like *The King of Comedy* or *Taxi Driver*. It’s super, super dark...”

Does that mean Rogen’s already leaving dirty jokes behind?

“Well, let’s put it this way,” he says. “One of the main characters is a flasher.” ●

Hollywood’s Truly Tasteless Hall of Fame

Rogen may be film’s reigning taboo buster, but he has plenty of predecessors.



Deliverance (1972)
Beefy Ned Beatty is forced to squeal like a pig through Georgia woods as a hillbilly inbred does more than muddy the unfortunate canoeist’s tightie-whities.

The Exorcist (1973)
Possessed child actress Linda Blair pukes pea soup in a priest’s face and spins her head 360 degrees. Earlier, she cryptically pees herself at a swanky D.C. party.

Carrie (1976)
Telekinetic Sissy Spacek is pelted with tampons in the gym shower by cheerleaders chanting, “Plug it up!” Later she is doused with pig’s blood by delinquent John Travolta.

Caddyshack (1980)
Dimwit greenskeeper Bill Murray takes a bite out of a Baby Ruth candy bar floating in a swimming pool, mistaken for being a swimmer’s “accident.” Onlookers are agog.

Hannibal (2001)
Corrupt detective Ray Liotta is spoon-fed his own sautéed brains by Anthony Hopkins’ “Hannibal the Cannibal.” Liotta lives long enough to enjoy them thoroughly.

The Brown Bunny (2003)
Big Love star Chloë Sevigny performs an on-camera blow job on whiny actor-director Vincent Gallo. Skeptical critics voice sizable mouthfuls of doubt.

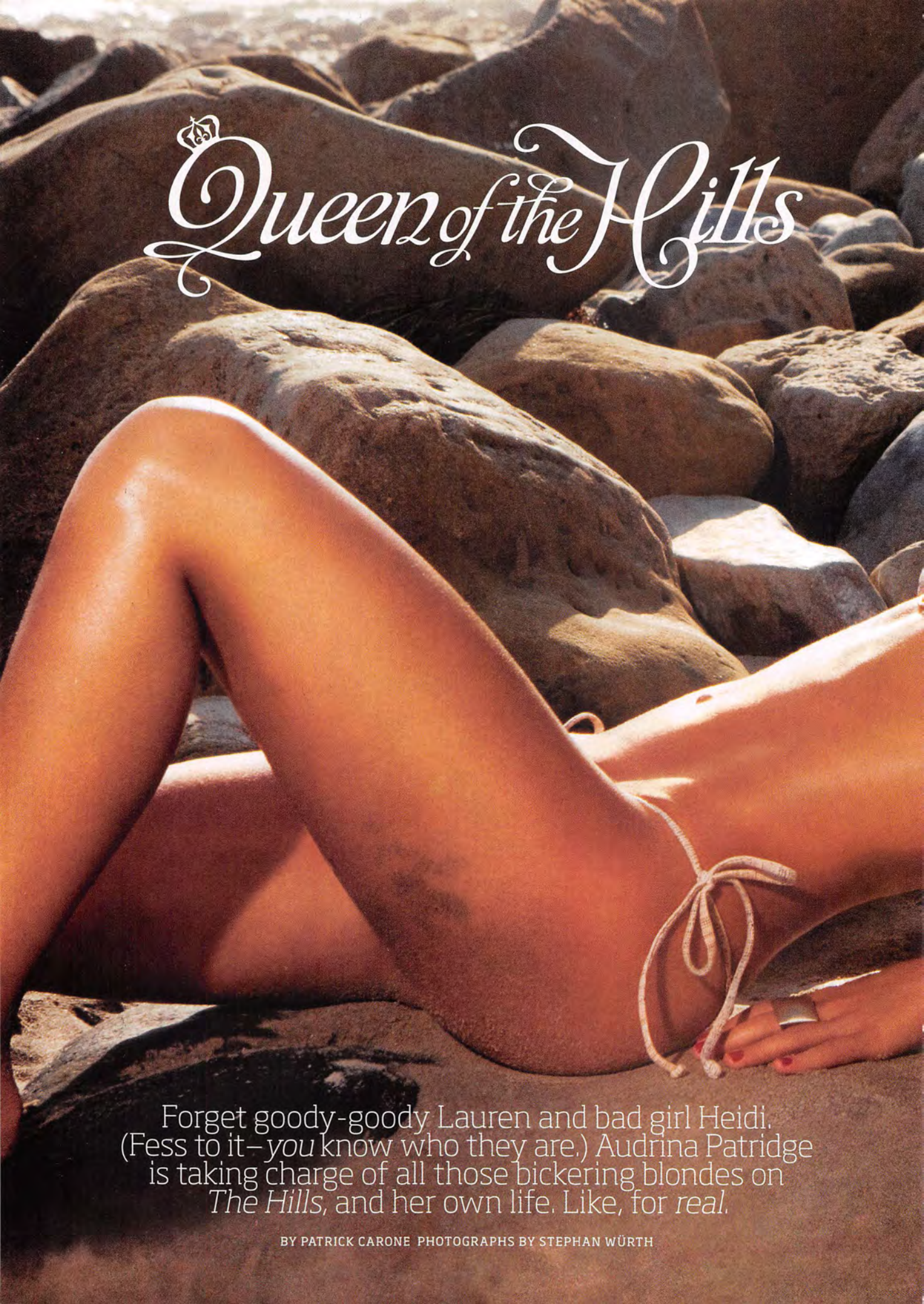
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Queen of the Hills

Forget goody-goody Lauren and bad girl Heidi. (Fess to it—you know who they are.) Audrina Patridge is taking charge of all those bickering blondes on *The Hills*, and her own life. Like, for real.

BY PATRICK CARONE PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHAN WÜRTH



Melissa Odabash bikini
Ring and necklace available
at Madison Beverly Hills

WHETHER YOU ADMIT TO WATCHING *The Hills* or not, you know Audrina Patridge. As brunette-in-chief of MTV's "reality" juggernaut, she stands out among the gaggle of bleached Hollywood lasses. While even-keeled Lauren "L.C." Conrad and vixen Heidi Montag have previously shared the limelight, season number four belongs to Audrina. Tensions among her and her roommates—Lauren and the so-sweet-she's-bitchy Lo Bosworth—have forced Audrina to stand up for herself, culminating in a dramatic move to a new home. Listen in as she discusses life in a semiscripted world.



DOES ANY GUY COP TO BEING A *HILLS* FAN?

They come up to me with excuses like, "My girlfriend makes me watch." Yeah, right.

IS IT TRUE YOU WERE CAST WHEN A PRODUCER NOTICED YOU SUNNING YOURSELF?

Yup. I was lying out by the pool in the apartment complex Lauren and Heidi were living in, and a producer started talking to me. He liked that I had just moved to L.A. to break into the industry, like the other girls on the show.

YOU THINK THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A BRUNETTE WAS APPEALING TO THEM BECAUSE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS ARE BLONDES?

Yeah, I kind of mix it up a bit. It's funny, because I'm naturally a dirty blonde. I colored my hair when I moved to L.A. I was trying to be an actor, and everyone's blonde, so...

IS IT BIZARRE HAVING STRANGERS KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR LIFE?

It is, because people know my life on the show, but they don't know the other half. So they say things like, "I can't believe Justin left you!"

AH, YOU'RE REFERRING TO YOUR EX, JUSTIN BOBBY, THE GREASY HAIRDRESSER WHO BURPS IN YOUR FACE. WHY WERE YOU WITH HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

There's a lot they don't show about him. They made him this bad guy, burping away...but all guys burp. They just chose to make him that character. You can't go off what you see alone.

ARE YOU EVEN ALLOWED TO DATE PEOPLE WHO WON'T APPEAR ON THE SHOW?

The producers try to get me to persuade guys I'm interested in to be on it. If the paparazzi shoot me out on a date and it's not on the show, it makes the show look fake. If the guy won't do it, I'll just be like, "This isn't a good time." And I'll start dating someone else.

LIKE BMX RACER COREY BOHAN?

Yeah, I'm dating Corey now, and we're taking it day by day. I don't want to jinx anything.



'People know my life on the show. They don't know the other half'

DO LAUREN AND HEIDI REALLY HATE EACH OTHER, OR IS THAT EXAGGERATED?

They really don't like each other, but I'm friends with both of them. When we hang out, I don't talk about the other. I'm like Switzerland.

YOU REALLY DON'T SEEM TO GET ALONG WITH YOUR EX-ROOMIE LO, HOWEVER.

The only reason Lo and I are friends is because of Lauren. They grew up together and hang out all the time; they're like the Bobbsey Twins.

IS SHE THE REASON YOU MOVED OUT?

No, I just wanted my own place. If anything, I feel like it will help out all our friendships.

CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE NUDE PICTURES OF YOU THAT SURFACED LAST YEAR?

I did those pictures when I was 18. The photographer was a good friend of mine...at the time. She was like, "I won't show anyone." Then I

started getting famous, and the pictures were everywhere. She totally screwed me over. But I don't regret it. When I'm an old lady, I'll be like, "This is what I used to look like."

HAVE YOU GOT A POST-*HILLS* PLAN?

I'm still going to acting classes when I'm not filming *The Hills*. I just shot *Into the Blue 2* in Hawaii, and I want to be in more movies.

DID YOU HAVE ANY IDEA YOUR CAREER WOULD TAKE OFF LIKE IT HAS?

I have actor friends who've been auditioning for years and haven't broken out. They say, "You got a show that blew up right away. It's not fair!" I was in the right place at the right time.

WITH THE RIGHT HAIR COLOR.

Ha! Yeah. With the right hair color.

Season four of *The Hills* airs Mondays at 10 P.M. on MTV.

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tell me their
girlfriends
make them
watch *The Hills*.
Yeah, right.'



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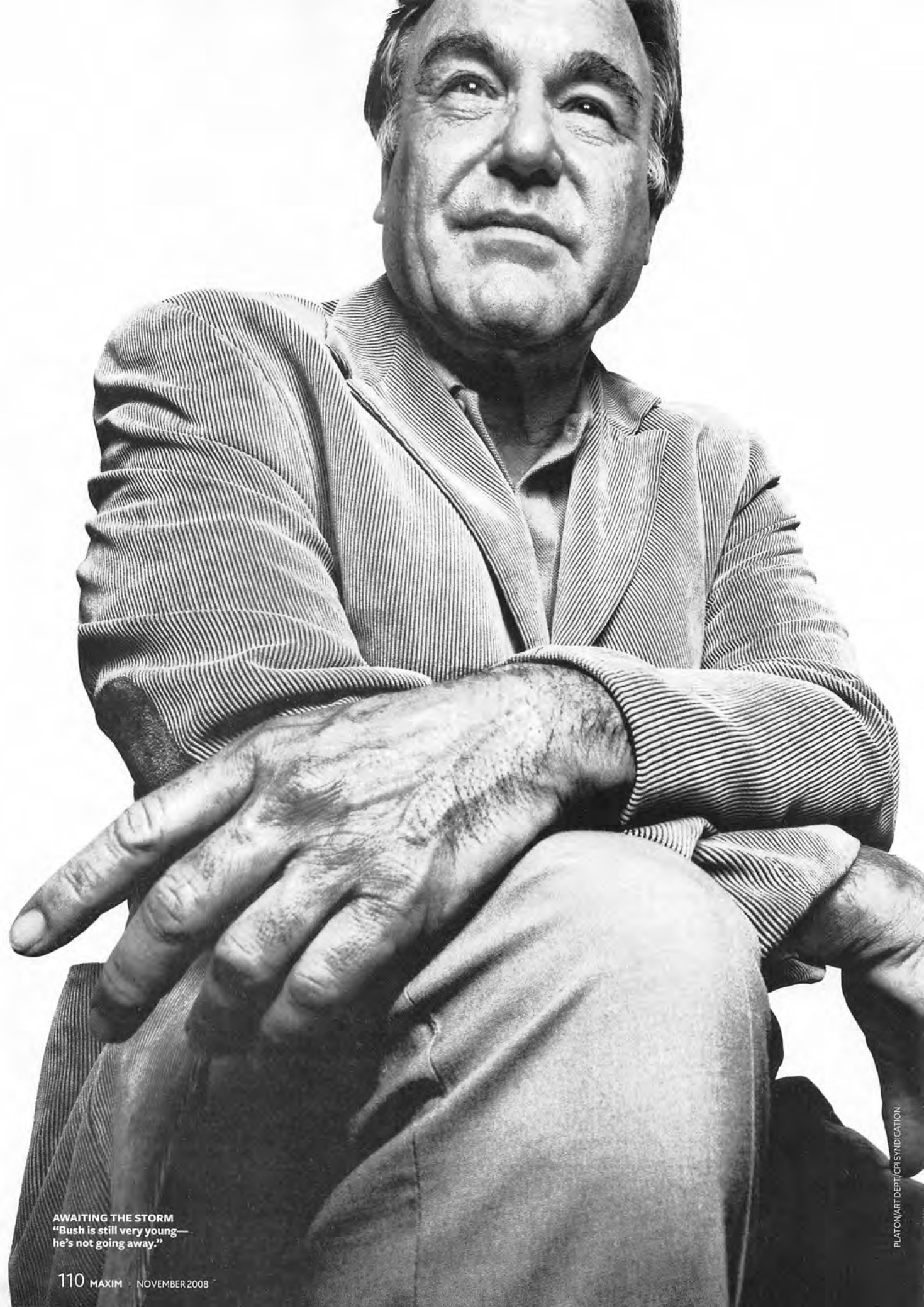


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AWAITING THE STORM
"Bush is still very young—
he's not going away."

CAN OLIVER STONE ROCK THE VOTE?

The irrepressible director speaks on weed, wine, his woman, and *W*, his portrait of the president as a young drunk. Gulp.

BY CHARLIE LeDUFF

I AM READING ALOUD TO OLIVER STONE SOME OF THE NOTES THAT I've scribbled down for a story I am planning to write about Oliver Stone. "Director. Artist. Killer. The Norman Mailer of Cinema. Megalomaniac. Conspiracy theorist. Radical genius. Nut job. A man's man. A man well past his prime. A man trying to do interesting, maybe even important, films."

Oliver Stone is sitting in his office in West Los Angeles, listening to my list of superlatives and insults. The walls are red. The couch is red. He is wearing red socks and a red shirt. His face is red. His eyes are veined with red. There is a bottle of red wine on his desk and an unopened Band-Aid in his breast-coat pocket. At first there is silence. Finally he looks up from his fingernails and smiles.

"That's cool, man," Stone says. "That's your article right there, man. That's your movie."

I am conducting this exercise with Stone, now 62, because I am trying to avoid writing one of those kneepad Hollywood profiles, the sort you quit halfway through a bathroom pit stop.

"I get that a lot," Stone says. "I don't like to talk much anyway; I've been burned so many times before."

The sun is pouring in through the window. The architecture outside his office is typically crap Los Angeles—a stacked parking garage holding dozens of SUVs. He can't keep staring at it. He squints. Stone's got a headache. He's been editing up to the last minute on his latest picture. He pours me a glass of wine. None for him, though. He parties hard, he admits, but he'll get his drink on after midnight, after work.

Oliver Stone is about to reveal his latest controversy. This one is called *W*—a stylized version of the life and times of George W. Bush, starring

Josh Brolin in the title role and opening in theaters this month. The film chronicles the younger Bush's rise from the profligate, wastrel, fucked-up first son to the sober, God-fearing leader of the free world who eventually takes the planet to the precipice. The story is based on truth. But the movie is, without a doubt, a supposition, a polemic, a piece of fiction from the mind of Oliver Stone. And it is a parlor trick: Never before has a film been made about a president still holding office.

The movie, which costars James Cromwell as George Sr. and Elizabeth Banks as long-suffering Laura Bush, was shot in six weeks in the hot Louisiana summer and edited over the course of the next two months in Los Angeles so that it can be released just weeks before the presidential election. The media, the political right, and the White House have reacted predictably. They say that Stone, the bleeding-heart propagandist, is trying to swing the election to the Obama side with another of the director's historical fantasies.

This is untrue, Stone says, explaining his motivation for the quick turnaround. "Why release it before the election? Because Bush is still around. I think if the ghost leaves Washington in January, you ought to give him a nice exorcism. He's

not going away. Bush is still very young. He's *not* going away."

"Look," he says, "I did three Vietnam movies, and what good did they do? People still lined up in support of the Iraq war. People don't remember. It shows you the futility of what we do." He pauses. "But we do it."

The explanation may be true, but it is a half-truth, to hear the film's producer Moritz Borman tell it. There's another reason for the timing, he says. Money. "I don't know if it was his idea or mine, but we thought a film about Bush would do better when he was still in office," >>

'I WOULDN'T SPEND A YEAR
OF MY LIFE MAKING
SOMETHING THAT IS
DEMEANING TO SOMEBODY.'

Borman says. "For the interest sake of it. We thought the timing might give the film a little marketing boost."

The maker of such incendiary dramas as *Platoon*, *Born on the Fourth of July*, *JFK*, *Nixon*, and *Wall Street*, the three-time Oscar winner is still, despite some artistically and commercially lean years, the most eclectic, politically outspoken director in Hollywood. For this reason, Stone says, writers and profilers are always angling to make him out to be a conspiracy nut, even though he insists his films are spiritually, if not quite factually, correct. "You tend to get paranoid sometimes about people's intentions," he says. "So much crap has been written about me. So many unfair things have been said."

I want to ask him if he has brought that reputation on himself with his willingness to stretch or even make up facts in his biographical pictures. Consider, for one, that he insinuated that the assassination of JFK was an inside job, just *maybe* engineered by Lyndon Johnson.

Then my cell phone rings, mid-interview. It's my mother. I ask Stone if he minds if I take the call. "Of course not. By all means," he says.

"Hi, Mom," I say into the receiver. "Is everything all right? Good. Listen, I'm interviewing Oliver Stone right now..." She interrupts. "You want to ask him a question?"

I turn to Stone. "You mind?"

Oliver Stone says, "Sure."

"She's a Bushie," I warn him.

He takes the phone. His face is strained now. He looks like a man whose ex is calling. He speaks in a smooth baritone.

Stone: "Hello? How are you, ma'am. I'm OK. Good." Pause. "What can I do for you?" And then: "Oh...oh...oh." There is a prolonged, strained silence, and then his face falls. The gap-toothed smile is gone.

He continues talking to my mother: "Well, I hope you see [the film] as opposed to *hear* about it, because those are two different things." Another long pause. "Well, *World Trade Center* is a story that sticks to the facts, and is also about the heroism of these people," he says, referring to his 2006 film.

"I hope you see the new stuff and judge for yourself."

More silence.

Stone: "OK. Sure. I'll return you to your son."

Me: "Bye, Ma." I hang up and say, "Jesus, Oliver. What'd she say?"

"She said, 'I don't know why you've turned into this poisonous guy.'"

She said that she thinks I'm very talented, but she doesn't know why I do all these vitriolic political stories and stuff."

He looks crestfallen. "I don't know if she's seen my films."

Stone stares out the window. "That happens a lot. It's about the Oliver Stone thing. Who 'Oliver Stone' is. It's fine," he continues. "You don't think I can take criticism? You don't think I take it all the time? It happens a lot. The misidentification of people. The labeling of false enemies. Setting up straw men. It happens all the time. And in our generation it's gotten worse."

Stone explains: "It started to get bad with *Nixon*. Now we're in this era with all the Ann Coulters out there. The right wing came to power by the demonization of liberalism. I don't agree that my films have a liberal bent. The JFK issue could have been taken on by conservatives very easily because the old conservatives—who had a healthy suspicion of big government—should have been against the war, because it was a completely fraudulent exercise, and transparent. True conservatives would have objected. I thought there would be more sympathy."



OLIVER'S TWISTS
(from top) The director prepping James Cromwell, as Bush Sr., for *W*; entertaining Fidel Castro; on the *Doors* set with Val Kilmer; Hal Holbrook and Charlie Sheen in *Wall Street*.

Stone, the citizen of the United States, has little sympathy for Bush, who he says is responsible for tens of thousands of needless deaths abroad and the corrosion of civil liberties at home and the fortune of future generations squandered.

But the real question: Is *W* going to be a *good* Oliver Stone movie or just an *OK* Oliver Stone movie?"

He laughs. "How the fuck am I supposed to know?" he says. "But I love what I shot."

* * * *

THERE ARE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN STONE AND BUSH. BOTH WERE born into wealth and educated at boarding school. Both were Goldwater Republicans and were classmates at Yale for a short time.

That's when things diverged. Bush dodged Vietnam, boozed it up, got lost, found God, won the White House, and marched the country into a pair of poorly planned wars. He could well leave office as the least popular president on record.

Stone, for his part, enlisted in Vietnam, killed men, won medals for bravery, returned to school in New York, and went on to make deep films about the dark, uncertain corners of life. He married three times, did copious drugs (he still smokes pot), drank barrels of wine, and, after a streak of remarkable success in the '80s and '90s, watched as his box office receipts took a precipitous slide. ➤➤

'OLIVER STONE IS ABOUT AS ACCURATE A HISTORIAN
AS GILLIGAN WAS A NAVIGATOR.'

Dana Perino,
White House press secretary

MAXIM PRESENTS

VERIZON WIRELESS GIRL OF THE MONTH

Maxim Hometown Hottie semifinalist Michelle Bernard was born in Puerto Rico, raised in Miami, and recently moved to New York. If there's one thing this gorgeous jetsetter can't live without it's her mobile phone, so it's logical that Michelle makes for a picture-perfect Verizon Wireless Girl of the Month.

Q: How did you decide to submit your pictures to Maxim?

A: It was a dare from my friends!

Q: Do you get recognized?

A: One of my ex-boyfriends called me up and said he saw me on the Maxim Hometown Hotties Website.

Q: That's some good revenge.

A: Oh yeah. I was like, "That's right, it's me!"

**“New York winters are brutal!
Last year I thought I was going to die.”**

Q: What's your ideal man like?

A: Tall, dark, and handsome. [Laughs] No, that's cliché. Someone who's down to earth, funny, genuine, loyal. All that good stuff.

Q: What do you use your cellphone for besides talking and texting?

A: Surfing the Web, e-mails. All four of my e-mail accounts come to my phone. If I lose my phone, I lose my life.



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Michelle Bernard ▶ Photograph by Amber Grey

"The movie's not a smear job," he says, referring to W. "I wouldn't want to spend a year of my life making something that is demeaning to somebody, being malicious. That's the wrong approach to art."

"It's not a political film, but a Shakespearean one. It's a film about George W. rebelling against his father, doing better than his father, believing that he's stronger than his father, and outdoing his father... and it's about the colossal mistakes he made and the lies he told. In a way it's Oedipal. One can say he did kill the father because he did destroy the legacy, the name. It's a big thing with the Bushes."

Based upon ideas and information culled from a slew of books about the Bush family, Stone and writer Stanley Weiser stylized scenes and invented dialogue for the most important moments in the younger Bush's life. This happens in the war room, the frat house, everywhere in between.

"Sure, it's a political film," actor James Cromwell says. "It would be horseshit to say it's not. If this is not a political film, then I'm sorry. I'm completely lost. If it's fiction, it doesn't lessen the impact on the cost of war, the waste, the horror. If anyone has the *cojones* to pull that off, it's Oliver Stone."

Josh Brolin, who portrays W. in the film, says he was initially skeptical about the project as well as playing the role: "I was like everybody else—thinking that W. was going to be a heavy-handed, leftist view of our current administration. But what I read in the script was a fair and compelling life story of a man who eventually became president of the United States."

Brolin became that man, he says, while researching the role. "I was able to find very redeeming and valuable traits about Bush that I was unable and unwilling to see prior," he says. "Once I saw a fuller picture of him, I was able to see a sustainable character."

The Bush camp has its own take on it. "Oliver Stone is known for being about as accurate a historian as Gilligan was a navigator," says Dana Perino, press secretary to the White House.

'I PARTY TO RELAX.
SOMETIMES I LIKE TO
PARTY TOO HARD.
SEX IS PERHAPS THE
BEST SINGLE RELIEF
FROM THIS INTENSITY.'

If it is an Oedipal film, I ask Stone, then knowing what he knows about Bush's policy decisions, what can he surmise about the president's penis?

"What?" Stone asks.

"What exactly do you make of Bush's penis?" I repeat.

"No, I don't really care to judge that," Stone answers.

"Then the film can't be that controversial," I say.

Later, after the interview's over, I ask my mother the same question. "Obviously, Bush's penis leans to the right," she says.

FOR THE REST OF OUR TIME TOGETHER,

Stone, courtly and generous, pours wine while ruminating on globalization, NATO expansion, the military industrial complex, blood lust, Likud Party politics, paper ballots versus electronic voting, postmodern imperialism, the nuclear bomb, good wine. And sex.

"How can I describe myself?" he says. "As an adventurer who has traveled the world and indulged and enjoyed many narratives."

"How do you live? What have you been up to?"

"I basically live in an intense level of work—and I play intense. I'm not the type to take off on a motorcycle or plane or helicopter. I don't like endangering myself recklessly. I enjoy people. I party to relax. And sometimes I like to party too hard. But it's fun. Sex is perhaps the best single relief from this intensity, if you want to know the truth. I'm a married man with a very active wife."

This is the guy who once offered Viagra to Fidel Castro.

I ask, "How old is your wife?"

"It's not about that. It's about how active her body is...but she's 54," he says, giving a mischievous smile. "She's a hot Korean babe. The readers of *Maxim* might like to hear that."

"They just might," I say. "Thank you, Oliver. I hope this has been weird for you."

"Indeed," he says.

White House or Bust?

If you can't play an idiot savant, then go for the presidency. Here, some standout cinematic candidates.



1 James Madison
Actor: **Burgess Meredith**
Film: *Magnificent Doll* (1946)
Approval rating: As waxen as a statue in Disney's Hall of Presidents.



2 Abraham Lincoln
Actor: **Hal Holbrook**
Film: *Lincoln* (1974)
Approval rating: We cannot tell a lie: Stick to Mark Twain.



3 Lyndon B. Johnson
Actor: **Randy Quaid**
Film: *LBJ: The Early Years* (1987)
Approval rating: Conniving, cussing redneck—winner by a landslide!



4 Richard M. Nixon
Actor: **Sir Anthony Hopkins**
Film: *Nixon* (1995)
Approval rating: Two big, quivering peace signs.



5 Thomas Jefferson
Actor: **Nick Nolte**
Film: *Jefferson in Paris* (1995)
Approval rating: A bull in a China closet.



6 Harry S. Truman
Actor: **Gary Sinise**
Film: *Truman* (1995)
Approval rating: Lieutenant Dan gives 'em hell.



7 Bill Clinton
Actor: **John Travolta**
Film: *Primary Colors* (1998)
Approval rating: "Governor Jack Stanton" is Bill Clinton!



8 Theodore Roosevelt
Actor: **Robin Williams**
Film: *Night at the Museum* (2006)
Approval rating: Teddy bear on crystal meth.



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NEW ZEALAND NOW!

Sure, it takes an entire day to fly there, but fall in Queenstown—the booming adrenaline-junkie capital of the Southern Hemisphere—marks the start of the off-season, when crowds thin, prices plummet, and outdoor opportunities multiply. Here's how to kick it Kiwi-style on the sickest (and cheapest) adventure trip on the planet.

Spring Ski in November

Spring begins September 21 here, meaning sun-soaked powder shredding awaits you on the vertigo-inducing chutes surrounding Queenstown. According to Heath Patterson, a pro snowboarder and Q-town native, the two most sizzling spots are Coronet Peak, a square-mile behemoth, and the aptly named Remarkables, which includes Burton's new half-mile ski park that mashes up natural terrain (cliffs, frozen sheep) with man-made obstacles. And since all ski resorts are within public parks, lift tix will only set you back \$40 U.S. nzski.com

Safari in Nerdland

The awe-inspiring landscape shots in *The Lord of the Rings* weren't animated—they were filmed in the high country around Q-town. But then, you and your Middle-earth chat-room buddies already knew that. Still, even if you don't know Gandalf from Gollum, you'll thank us when you hike the lush Fiordland National Park and Glenorchy forest at the northern tip of Lake Wakatipu. To geek out and get exercise, roll with Nomad Safaris, who guide you to the hard-to-reach hobbit hangouts in the movie. Frodo-riffic! \$105, nomadsafaris.co.nz

Surf the Rapids

The nearby Kawarau River, site of the world's first bungee jump, in 1988, has inspired another not-too-smart-but-fun-as-hell first. Instead of kayaking through raging white water, locals jump into the furious froth with boogie boards. Says Brad McCloud, a guide with Mad Dog River Boarding, "We launch headfirst into a flow of 150,000 square yards of water per second—we call it river surfing." Others call it "clinging to Styrofoam for dear life." Don't worry: If you start to go under, a smirking guide will fish your sorry ass out. \$120, riverboarding.co.nz

Gore a Boar

You can order off a menu during your NZ getaway, like a typical tourist wuss, or sack up and head to the Queenstown hills, where you can stalk—and fatally stab—your own dinner. Wild pigs are plentiful in New Zealand, and the Kiwis have perfected an especially visceral way of hunting them: They unleash dogs, which trap the pig, then you knife it in the belly until Porky squeals no more. Next, you roast it over an open fire and eat it. Don't forget to bring the kids! Bonus: You get a free T-shirt that says I POKED A PIG. \$200, freerangehuntingnz.com

OFFICE POLITICS

We steal Washington's dirtiest tricks...so you can get a raise!

So you want a bigger piece of your company's dwindling cash pie? It's time to crush your colleagues by employing Beltway-style smear tactics, just like your favorite ruthless politicians! We tapped David Mark, author of *Going Dirty: The Art of Negative Campaigning*, to share some D.C. takedown tactics that will let you wreck some reputations and secure your end-of-year bonus.

Code name: The Shocker

Origin: In 1972 President Nixon's opposition research team uncovered that Thomas Eagleton, the VP candidate of Democratic nominee George McGovern, had undergone electroshock therapy to treat depression. McGovern lost by one of the largest margins in history.

Lesson: Play on the boss' fears.

Office attack: Fling some financial dirt. Web sites like Intelius.com can provide detailed personal financial history—bankruptcies, liens, small claims judgments, even criminal records. Leaking a few money management mishaps to your boss may finish off your rival. "People are always inclined to believe the worst," says Mark.

Code name: Swift Boat 2.0

Origin: In 2004 the Swift Boat Veterans for Truth slammed Senator John Kerry's previously unassailable Nam heroics. The charges were b.s., sure, but Kerry was still forced to piss away valuable campaign time defending his war record. Result: The story never went away, and vets swung to draft-dodgin' Dubya.

Lesson: Undermine his strengths.

Office attack: Is your enemy's work always in early? Start a whisper campaign among colleagues that he pads his expenses. "Even if bogus, if they hear it enough, they'll think it must have some truth to it," says Mark.

Code name: Macaca

Origin: During his U.S. Senate campaign in Virginia in 2006, Republican incumbent George Allen referred to the Indian-American videotaping him as "macaca"—an obscure racial slur meaning monkey. A million YouTube hits later, Allen lost his seat.

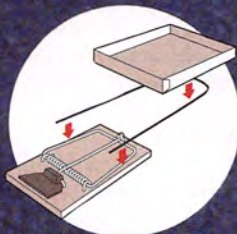
Lesson: The Web is a weapon.

Office attack: Dig up an Internet skeleton by scouring the Web for embarrassing pics and blog posts. Even though his tearful video testimonial on a Clay Aiken fan site isn't against the law, send the YouTube link around and his office cred will shrink to Ruben Studdard status.

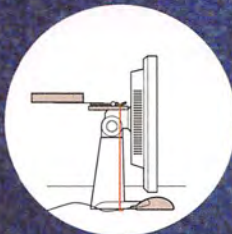


Mousetrap Attack!

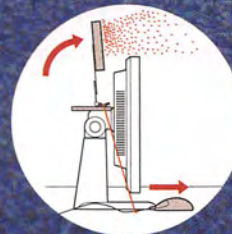
➡ A surefire way to frazzle office adversaries is to make them the butt of a childish prank. John Austin, author of *Cubicle Warfare: 101 Office Traps and Pranks*, recommends springing this sparkle-spewing mousetrap on insufferable early risers who routinely send you nine e-mails by 7:47 A.M. Eat glitter, nerd!



1 Cut a hanger and bend it into shape. Attach a wire and a piece of cardboard to a mousetrap to create the launch pad. Now rub your hands together in gleeful anticipation!



2 Fasten mousetrap to the back of your mark's monitor, then rig some fishing line from the trap to his mouse. If anyone asks what you're doing, tell them, "Keep walking, pal."



3 Fill launching pad with glitter or other powdered substance. When he moves his mouse for the first time, he'll trigger the trap and get doused with a sparkle shower. Wait for him to cry.



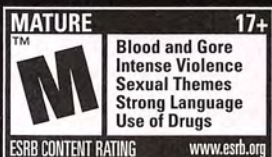
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WILDERNESS E.R.

It's tough to dig fall foliage with a tree limb gouging your pal's torso. Here are some backwoods medic tips so you can play hero. See you on *Dateline!*



"Dude, your shredded abs are turning me on."



1 Sliced

When your buddy's need to knife-juggle turns your hike into a slasher flick, apply firm pressure for 10 minutes directly to the gash, says Dr. Paul S. Auerbach, author of *Wilderness Medicine*. If anything's poking out—bones, robot innards—don't put it back; you'll introduce more bacteria. If your pal suddenly has clammy skin, a racing pulse, and shallow breathing, elevate his legs 30 degrees to pour blood back toward his heart to stave off shock. Camping is fun!



2 Smashed

When a limb is crushed by a falling Redwood, don't try to amputate, regardless of how hopeless it seems or how bloodthirsty you are. "Once you cut a limb off...it's off," Auerbach says. But if the victim is trapped and your distance from doctor's far outweighs his fear of shopping for single shoes, apply a tourniquet above the wound and just saw through it. Yum! If your pal doesn't lose too much blood, he could have a full life of pirate impressions ahead of him.



3 Bitten

Assuming your trail bud wasn't mauled to death by that kill-crazed liger, the key after an animal attack is to fully clean out the wounds. A bear, a wildcat, or an angry unicorn has more germs in its mouth than Amy Winehouse. According to Dr. Luanne Freer, a medical director at both Yellowstone and the Mount Everest Base Camp ER, "Simple dish soap will kill the rabies virus and get out the bacteria that can cause complications in the weeks to come." So don't forget to pack the Palmolive!



4 Gorged

Arrows, ski poles, javelins—no matter how ghastly it looks, don't pull it out. Besides possibly shredding up more tissue, you'll eliminate the one thing you've got going for you: a plug—the perfect stabilized state. "If it's occluding a big blood vessel and you take it out, the person could bleed to death," Auerbach says. If it's not bleeding too badly, you have a little time (up to a day) before an infection kills him. "So, dude, you feel like finishing the hike and then heading to the ER?"



5 Burned

First, apply bandages. Then wrap them in plastic—keeping air off the scorched nerves diminishes the pain. And don't underestimate simple meds. "Any anti-inflammatory will help," says Freer. "I give Ibuprofen to some burn victims, even if I have narcotics." Drinking lots of fluids is key. The body can lose liters of water in a few hours when there's no skin left to retain it. In the meantime, give your ailing chum a stern talking to about how inflamed humans start forest fires, too.

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Supplies



Checklist

- 1 pair stereo multimedia microphones with 3.5 mm plugs
- Utility knife
- Stethoscope (check your local drugstore)
- Power drill
- Glue gun
- 3.5 mm Stereo Y adapter
- Recordable MP3 or tape player
- Acute paranoia

Step 1



With an empty glass against the wall, you can't discern whether your girlfriend just said, "I want to be naughty for you," or, "I'm glad I TiVo'd *The View*." But with this creepy contraption, you can now capture—and record—her voice with clarity. First, pry open the buds of the microphones with the utility knife so you can access what's inside.

Step 2



The microphones just won't fit in the stethoscope, no matter how much Astroglide you use*. Take the earbuds off the 'scope and drill out the top hole just wide enough for the mics to fit nice and snug, just like that adult diaper you secretly wear.

Step 3



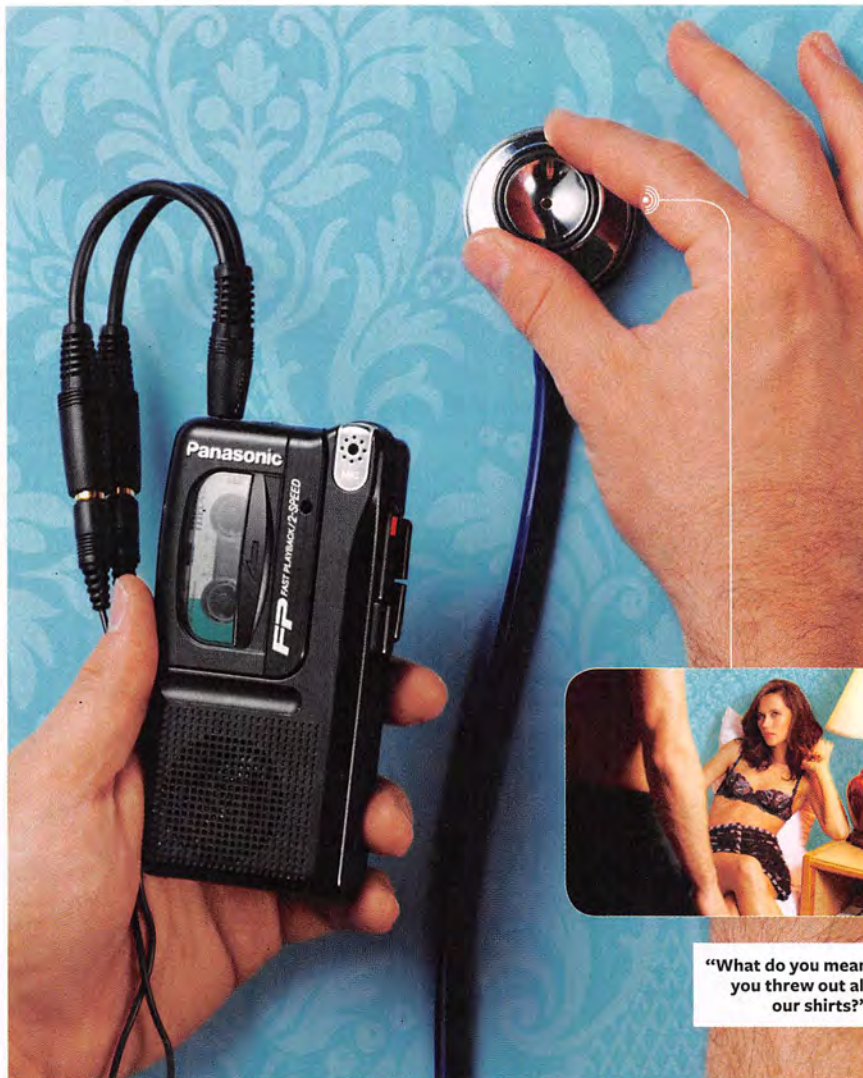
Put some glue in the earpieces and insert the business end of the mics facing in; allow them to dry, then put the earpieces back on the stethoscope. Keep plugging away—pretty soon your paranoid delusions will become a painful reality!

Step 4



Connect the 3.5 mm wires into the Y adapter and hook that up to your MP3 player. Now go record what your girlfriend, boss, or neighbor is saying and post it on the Internet. With spy gear this cheap, you'll have plenty of cash left for legal fees.*

*ASSUMING YOU'RE NOT ALBERTO GONZALES AND YOU RESPECT THE LAW. RECORDING CONVERSATIONS COULD BE ILLEGAL IN YOUR STATE. CHECK YOUR STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE BEFORE SNOOPING.



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John Varvatos coat, \$1,695,
and scarf, \$245; D&G shirt,
\$275, and tie, \$165;
Gap trousers, \$68.



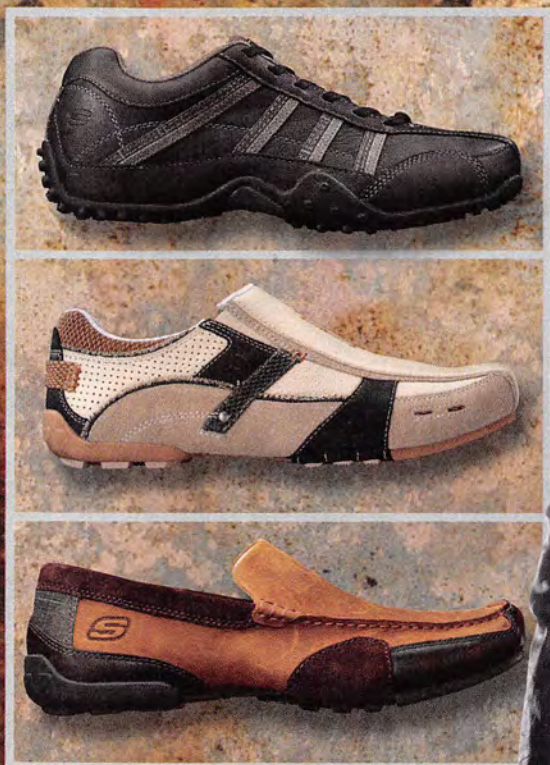
➔ Jimmie Johnson can drive his car in a circle better and faster than most any other human. When he began racing in NASCAR's Sprint Cup in 2001, the cool Californian was the first rookie ever to lead in the points standings. In 2006 he became the first driver to win the Daytona 500, the All-Star Race, the prestigious Brickyard 400, and a Nextel Cup championship all in the same year. In 2007 he won a whopping 10 races and repeated as season champ. And this year the 33-year-old is in hot contention for a third straight title, a feat that's only been accomplished once before. So why does racing's poster boy look so calm? "The fact that

it's only been done once really speaks to how difficult it is, but I don't feel any more pressure because it's three," he says. "I'm more confident than ever."

Competitive Advantage

These days the competition in NASCAR is tougher than ever. "In our sport one 10th of a second makes you a hero or a zero," says the driver of the No. 48 Lowe's Chevy. "It takes a 10th of a second to blink your eye. But that amount of time separates the top 15 drivers on the track each lap. I have to run 500 miles and make every lap within a 10th of a

Banana Republic suit, \$475; **H&M** shirt, \$50; **DKNY** tie, \$75; vintage **Valentino** belt; vintage **Aristocraft** shoes.



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second. On top of that, if I can perform a 10th of a second faster than the next guy, I'm the hero in victory lane." This year, though, one of the biggest advantages Johnson has over his closest competitors isn't the speed of his reflexes or the horsepower of his car; it's the experience gleaned from his past championship runs. "Your mind plays games on you, and you worry about all these things you don't need to," he says. "Now I worry about the right things, instead of everything."

Winning Tradition

Here's another thing Johnson learned from his championship runs: Not only is winning sweet; it's also damp. "The morning after I won in '06, my crew chief and a bunch of friends somehow got my hotel room key," Johnson recalls. "My wife and I were dead asleep, and they came into the room, popped champagne, and proceeded to soak us while we were lying in bed asleep." So when Johnson successfully defended his title in 2007, he was ready to celebrate with some carbonated payback. "My wife and I grabbed everything with fizz from our minibar and knocked on my crew chief's door and said, 'Room service,'" Johnson recalls. "When he opened his door, we got him back good." Will Johnson's beverage battle extend to a third straight championship? "I know if we do our jobs we can get it done," he says. "It's not going to be easy, but if everything comes together, we're champions again."



Gap leather jacket, \$378;
John Varvatos sweater,
\$298, shirt, \$225, and boots,
\$598; Levi's 501 jeans, \$46;
D&G gloves, \$245.

GROOMING: HEATHER HAWKINS FOR LOCKE MANAGEMENT; FOR BUYING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 134.

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1 DKNY windbreaker, \$99; Harrison sweater, \$180; Banana Republic shirt, \$60; Guess by Marciano Rebel jeans, \$108; Cole Haan Air Donovan cap-toe shoes, \$225.

2 Comme des Garçons for H&M trench coat, \$199, and suit, \$299; H&M cashmere V-neck sweater, \$100, and slim-fit dress shirt, \$40; Calvin Klein shoes, \$150.

3 Canada Goose jacket, \$675; Quiksilver Clamour shirt, \$55; Diesel Pacane sweat pants, \$120; Converse by John Varvatos sneakers, \$98; Banana Republic scarf, \$120.

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No Jacket Required

When braving the elements this winter, sometimes less is more.



- 1 Shed your down jacket with a lightweight alternative. **Riddim Driven** jacket, \$179; **DKNY** sweater, \$80; **Banana Republic** sweater, \$69.



- 2 Add a down vest to your shirt-and-sweater combo on sunny fall days when a jacket is too hot to handle. **DKNY** Jeans vest, \$90, and shirt, \$70; **American Eagle** Fairisle sweater, \$100.



- 3 The shawl collar and patch detailing on this cardigan take a timeless classic into the 21st century. **Parish** shawl collar cardigan, \$96; **Calvin Klein** shirt, \$225; **D&G** tie, \$165.

Boot Camp

Pairing wool socks with these boots and high tops will keep Jack Frost at bay.



- 1 **Adidas Originals** Conductor felt DP sneakers, \$130



- 2 **Rockport** sneakers, \$100



- 3 **Abington** Roll Top boots, \$160



- 4 **Red Wing** boots, \$270



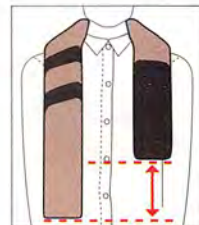
- 5 **Ferragamo** boots, \$990

It's a Wrap

Scarf Style, 2.0.



Check out this fresh take and learn how to rock your neckwear without looking like you've got a fetish for autoerotic asphyxiation. **Banana Republic** scarf, \$130.



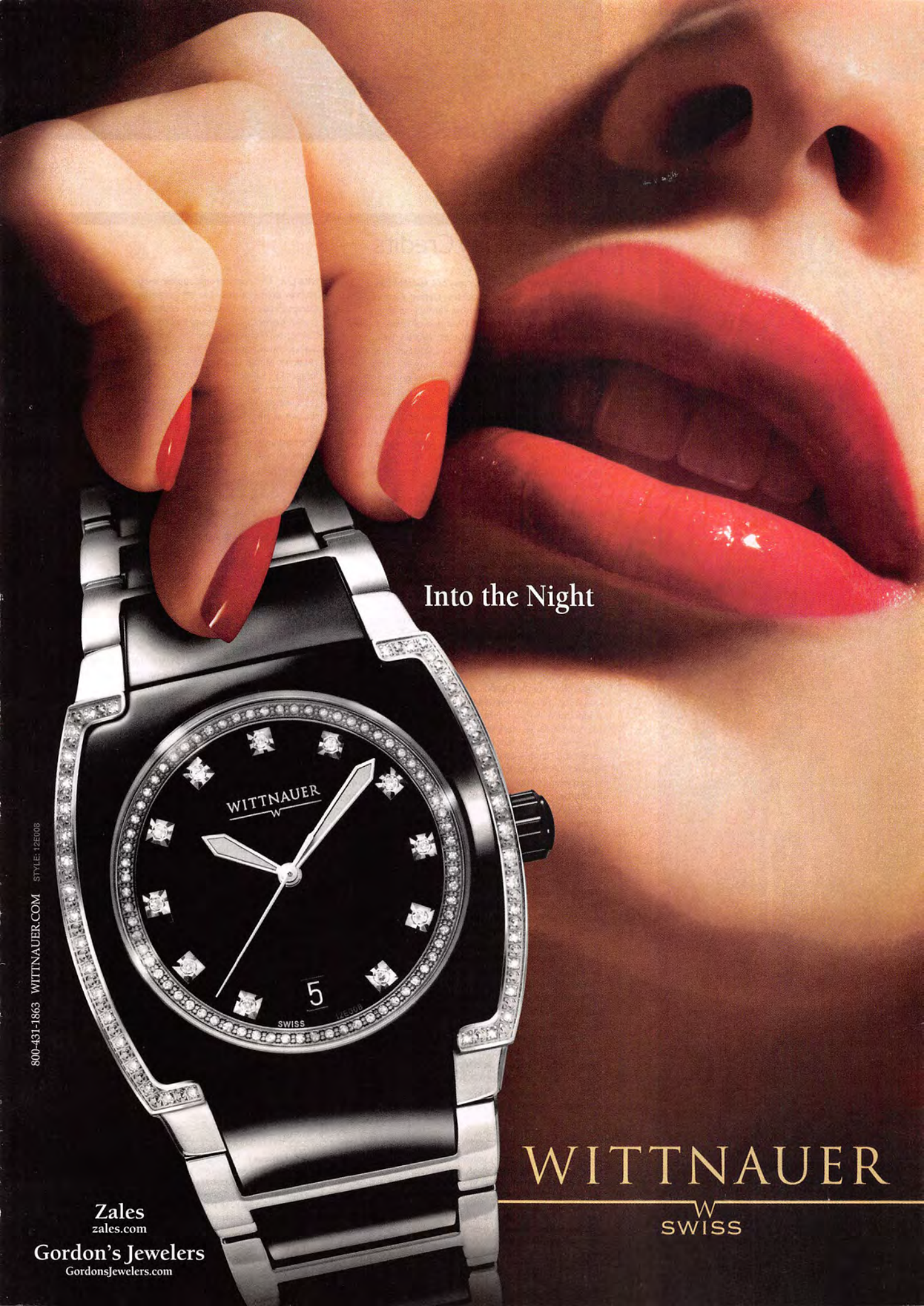
Step 1: Hang the scarf around your neck so the right end is slightly longer than the left.



Step 2: Take the right side and wrap it once around the bottom of the left hanging side. Easy enough!



Step 3: Do the same motion as Step 2, only this time pass the end of the scarf through the loop hole.



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NBA Live, EA Sports; bread, Jupiter Images **p.102:** *Exorcist*, Warner Bros./courtesy Everett Collection **pp.112-114:** *Commandante* and *The Doors*, courtesy Everett Collection (2); *Wallstreet*, 20th Century Fox/courtesy Everett Collection; Meredith, Holbrook, Quaid, Hopkins, Nolte, Sinise, Travolta, and Williams, courtesy Everett Collection (8) **p.117:** Mountains, flag, girl, and rugby players, Getty Images (4); kayaks, Corbis; Wood, courtesy Everett Collection; road sign and girls laughing, JupiterImages.com (2); wine glasses, Tobias Hauser/LAIF; skier, IconSportsMedia.com **p.118:** Elephant trunk, tusk, donkey, and cooler, PhotoLibrary.com (4); floor, John Cole/Alamy; excrement, Eric Nathan/Alamy **p.122:** Inset, Radius Images **p.144:** Elephant, rolling pin, Chestnut, Joel, cigar, crown, roses, and baby, Getty Images (8); Alba, Camera Press/Retna Ltd; Jolie, Tony Barson/WireImage.com; swiss army knife, Alamy; bread slice and Sloppy Joe, Jupiter Images (2); Lays, kwikeysystems.com; *King & I*, 20th Century Fox/Neal Peters Collection; license plates, Corbis (3); Aykroyd, Warner Bros./courtesy of Everett Collection.

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p.6: DKNY Trench, \$220, shirt, \$125, and jeans, \$195, Macy's; H&M tie, \$30, H&M stores **p.124:** John Varvatos coat, \$1,695, and scarf, \$245, johnvarvatos.com; D&G shirt, \$275, and tie, \$125, dolcegabbana.it; Gap trousers, \$68, gap.com **p.126:** Banana Republic suit, \$475, bananarepublic.com; DKNY tie, \$75, Macy's; H&M shirt, \$50, H&M stores **p.128:** Gap leather jacket, \$378, gap.com; John Varvatos sweater, \$298, shirt, \$225, and boots, \$598, johnvarvatos.com; Levi's Original 501 jeans, \$46, levi.com; D&G gloves, \$245, dolcegabbana.it.

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p.130: DKNY jacket, \$99, Macy's; Harrison sweater, \$180, bluefly.com; Banana Republic shirt, \$60, bananarepublic.com; Guess by Marciano jeans, \$108, Guess stores; Cole Haan shoes, \$225, colehaan.com. Comme des Garçons for H&M trench coat, \$199, and suit, \$299; H&M sweater, \$100, and shirt \$40, H&M stores; Calvin Klein shoes, \$150, piperlime.com. Canada Goose jacket, \$675, thetannery.com; Quiksilver shirt, \$55, Quiksilver stores; Diesel sweat pants, \$120, Diesel stores; Banana Republic scarf, \$120, bananarepublic.com. Converse by John Varvatos shoes, \$98, converse.com **p.132:** Riddim Driven jacket, \$179, riddimdrivenclothing.com; DKNY sweater, \$80, Macy's; Banana Republic sweater, \$69, bananarepublic.com. DKNY Jeans vest, \$90, and shirt, \$70, Macy's; American Eagle sweater, \$100, americanagle.com. Parish cardigan, \$96, Up Against the Wall stores; Calvin Klein shirt, \$225, Calvin Klein N.Y.C.; Dolce & Gabbana tie, \$165, dolcegabbana.it. Adidas sneakers, \$130, Bloomingdale's; Rockport sneakers, \$100, rockport.com; Abington boots, \$160, Alife N.Y.C.; Red Wing boots, \$270, zappos.com; Salvatore Ferragamo boots, \$990, Salvatore Ferragamo N.Y.C.; Banana Republic scarf, \$130, bananarepublic.com.

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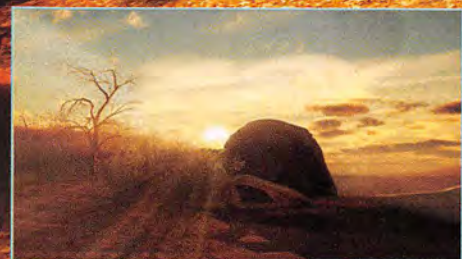
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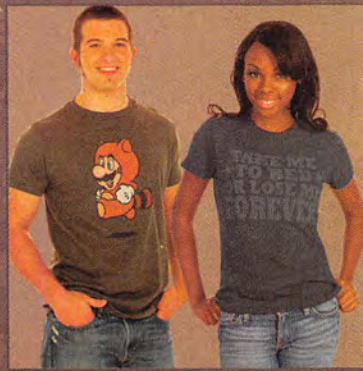
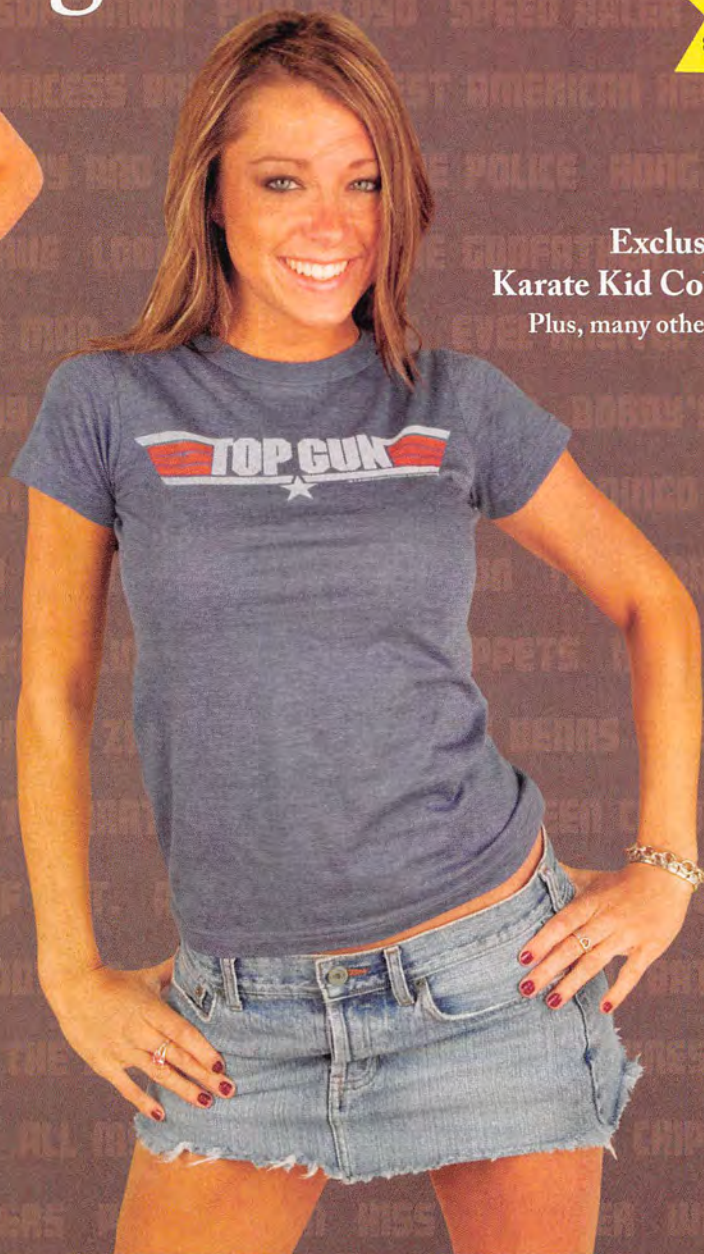
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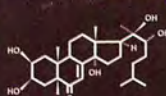
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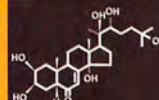
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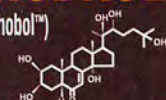


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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.



I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

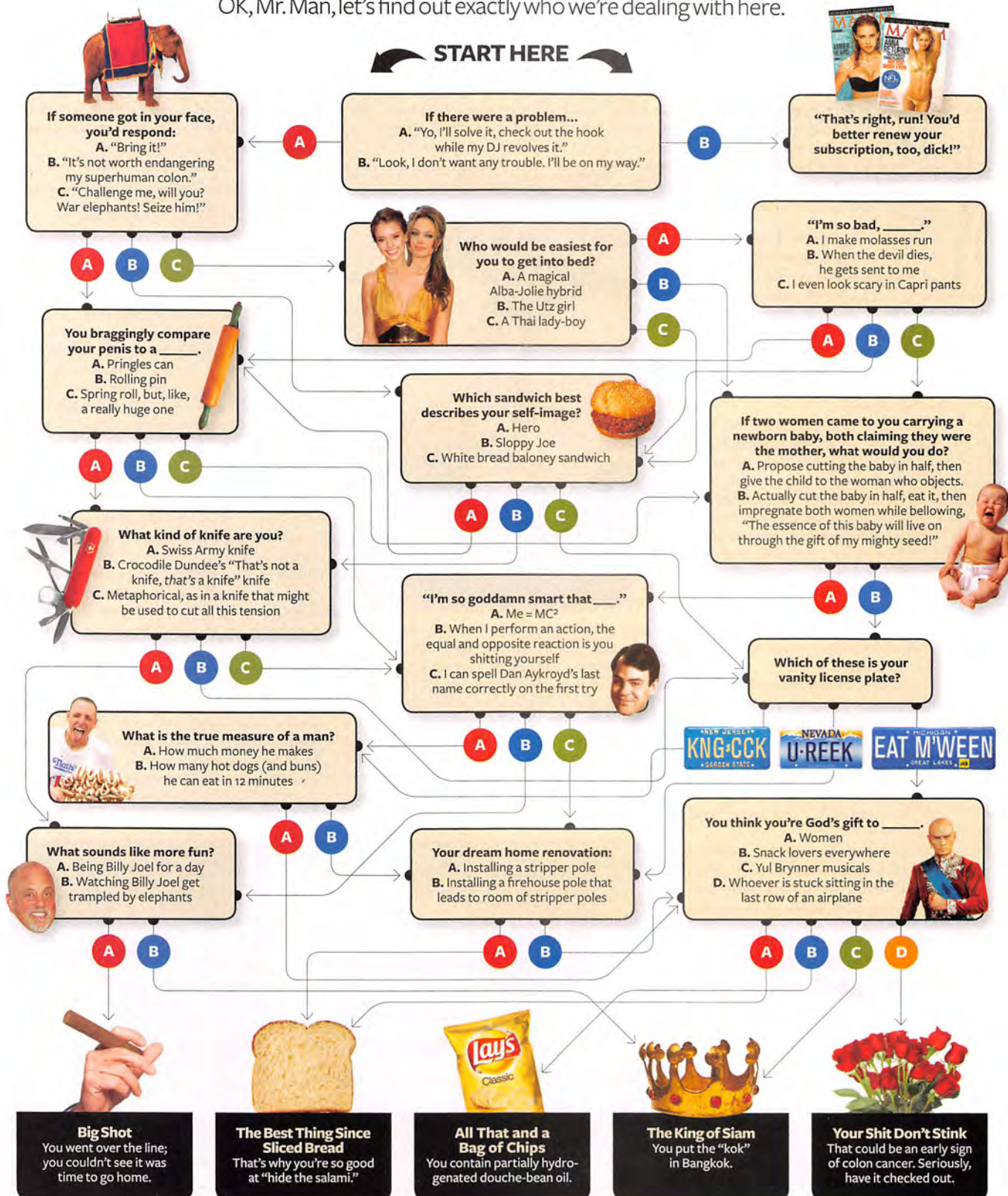
women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely



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